

The Missing Pieces to a Night Fury's Heart

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Summary: Ever since the epic battle with the Bewilderbeast, Toothless hasn't been feeling himself lately. The death of Stoick had scarred him deeply making him feel as if his heart had shattered to fragments. But what if Toothless found another Night Fury? One on which could rekindle his heart? However, danger lurks around the corner leaving him more wary and baffled then ever..

1. Chapter 1

****Hey readers! This takes place -like the summary implies- after How to Train Your Dragon 2! I do hope you enjoy reading it as much as I adored writing it! Remember, I love feedback, so if you guys could leave some reviews I will deeply appreciate it! Anyways, here we go... Enjoy :D!****

* * *

><p>"Kill him... Kill your precious rider." The words, although spoken aloud, echoed in the Night Fury's mind, pressuring him to do what ordered.<p>

He struggled against the beast's command, his form numbing as he did so.

"I can't... Please..." It was a hushed murmur, barely audible amongst the melee surrounding him.

"You will." This time, the voice jarred against his consciousness. Burning pain seared his forehead. He couldn't think properly... Everything was becoming a blur. The sound he heard was no longer apparent. It was more of a distant scrapping sound, drowned out by a single voice; the Alpha's voice.

His optics of immaculate emerald strayed toward the human in front of him; his friend, his rider.

However, the dragon was no longer in possession of his actions. Instead, he was a simple tool for slaughter, a mere toy to be used in battle.

"Kill, kill, kill." The words were becoming more of a chant.

His maw opened in response and, aiming at the boy, he commenced charging a plasma blast. It was mere moments later that the Night Fury's form rippled as he unleashed his lethal assault. Yet before it could land on its target, something rushed up to intercepted it. Then...

"Good morning Alpha, how did you sleep?!"

The sudden inquiry resonated from exterior of his house made his head jerk up violently. Trying in vain to clear his blurry optics, he looked around for the source of the voice. The nightmare of the past was fading like a wisp of smoke in the wind. It occurred so frequently nowadays that he payed little heed, as much as it pained him.

"Alpha, do my scales look too dark or too light?"

A yawn tugged its way through his throat, forcing his maw to open in a drowsy fashion. His ear twitched, trying to calculate and pinpoint where exactly these dragons were outside.

Did they not know he was sleeping?

Of course they didn't. The thought made him wrinkle his snout in dismay. This was everyday now!

"Cod or salmon, Alpha?"

His acoustics made out a tiny scrabble of claws and something wet dropped on his forehead. A bellow of surprise escaped him and he leaped to his paws throwing off the wet substance.

The fish clattered to the floor, its lacteal eyes seeming to mock his surprise.

"What in Odin's-" He started, abruptly hearing a squeak of alarm.

"My deep apologies, Alpa, sir.. I just wanted..." He turned, spotting a minute dragon trembling at the window sill. It was a Terrible Terror!

"It is alright," the black dragon muttered. Again, he was still getting use to having dragons actually give him amends when they accidentally made contact with him. He still did not understand it. The Alpha was to gain the respect of the dragons, not the fear. What was he doing wrong?

"It is alright," Toothless mumbled with some sort of amusement. He never actually did like Terrible Terrors, but some of them were just... comical.

The Night Fury leaned down, grasping the fish between his teeth.

"Thank you for the token though," he stated.

"I-it is my honor, Alpha." With that, the Terrible Terror dispersed from the small opening, vanishing from his sight.

>His ears twitched, catching the words, "The Alpha spoke to me!"<p>

He rolled his eyes. He didn't see the Villagers saying that when Hiccup talked to them.

>Hiccup.. The sudden name made him shift his direction toward his rider's bed.
Nothing.

Toothless nudged his muzzle under his human's blankets. His rider's scent was strong, but still he didn't see him.

>He was not in the room.<p>

He dispelled himself from his and Hiccup's slumbering area and felt his paws lead him down the stairs.

>"Morning bud," he heard Hiccup say confidently.<p>

He sighed in relief. Good. His rider was safe.

>"Morning to you too," Toothless murmured, knowing his rider only heard the croon he emitted.<p>

"Sleep well?"

The dragon inclined his head into a nod. He then tucked his wings to his sides, observing his human companion closely.

>Was it just him, or was he smiling mischievously?<p>

Ignoring the impish grin, a delectable smell drifted into his nostrils.

>At first, he thought Hiccup's mother and her companion had brought fresh fish, but to Toothless's deep disappointment, Valka was nowhere to be seen.<p>

Though spotting Cloudjumper nearby made pleasure tingle inside of him instead.

>He had grown close to both Cloudjumper and Valka, both being extremely kind.
"Morning," Toothless called to him, settling down on the basket of cod that had already been laid out for him. The same scent that he had detected wreathed from his breakfast.

Cloudjumper turned his head and cocked it.

>"Good morning, Toothless."
A sigh of relief escaped him. It had been two months with the battle with the Bewilderbeast and already everyone had settled down to solely calling him by his new earned title.

He had been proud the first couple of days until the word 'Alpha' had been imprinted in his head.

>Toothless found comfort to the fact at least one dragon wasn't calling him that.
The black beast swallowed down a fish, the succulence of it making him lick his maw.

>"My mistake, Alpha," Cloudjumper suddenly said with a dip of his head.
Toothless moaned. "Not you too!" he grumbled, getting a look from Hiccup. To his rider, he probably heard a lazy growl.

>"Something amiss, Toothless?" he called as he prepared his own breakfast.
"Very amiss," he replied with a groan. "Tell them to

stop calling me Alpha!"

>Hiccup strode over and patted Toothless on the head. "Yeah, I know how you feel. Y'knowâ€¦ How leading everyone now?"
The black dragon sighed in relief. Hiccup had that strange way of telling how the dragon was feeling. Almost as if he could understand him.
>He glared over at Cloudjumper and said, "No need to call me Alpha!"
"It is the tradition," he said in that wisdom-talk speech.

>His paw found his face as he did what the humans called a facepalm.
"Tell you what," Hiccup pressed Toothless, eyeing Cloudjumper suspiciously. "Today you don't have to go to the conference, alright?"
>The Night Fury's head shot up from the basket and look of surprise mingled with excitement.<p>

"You mean it?" he asked in a happy growl. The conferences Hiccup attended-now that he was chief-was usually about exploring new lands, though today's was about something of boredom. When that happened, Toothless would roll around and make a mess out of everything.

>"And then later we can go flying, deal?"
"Deal!" he purred, bounding around the house and sending chairs flying.
>"Easy there bud," his rider laughed returning to getting his food done.
Cloudjumper stared at Toothless with amusement.
>"What?" the Night Fury protested with another toothless grin.<p>

The sun had finally risen to its peak and already Toothless was confronting to his dragons needs.
>His head turned at a peculiar question, but was interrupted as he felt a small shove from his jaw line.
He looked over to see Hiccup.
>Toothless's ears perked at the sight of him. He was dressed in his rider's outfit.
The Night Fury still wondered how he fitted all those gadgets.

"I'll be at the Great Hall if you need anything," Hiccup whispered turning to clasp hands with Astrid as they left.
>Toothless's eyes narrowed with amusement at the sudden contact. Already they seemed to be partners, but-as he often seen humans doing- they needed to do some type of ritual whereas lots and lots of humans would come and join them.
"Hey Cloudjumper?" he called, spotting the familiar hulky outline of the dragon.
>His head turned like an owl's. "Yes, Alpha?"
Toothless flattened his ears at this but went on. "Could you stay in charge while I check the borders?"
>"It would be my honor," the Stormcutter said with a bow.<p>

Toothless nodded. Alleviation washed through him. At least he didn't have to worry about dragons pestering him while he tried to think. His head turned in the direction of the forest and that's exactly where he aimed for. He dashed toward the undergrowth his paw-steps falling into step with the soft grass.
>His slow trot suddenly began a gallop, the trees blurring at his speed.<p>

Where to relax? he thought to himself as he continued up ahead. His thoughts whirled in deep concentration. Splash. He felt his paw make contact with a chilled liquid. It soaked his paw as he noted the

puddle. He grumbled in annoyance, shaking it to rid himself of the frigid water.

>He sighed, starting up again hoping to dry his now drenched paw. Water never came to him as a friend, just an enemy able to burn out his fire.<p>

With that in mind he finally skidded to a halt, his optics scanning the overlapping sea stretching out into the horizon. He wished he could take off and fly; feel the pressure of wind under his colossus-lengthed wings. However, he knew he could not take off without Hiccup.

Did he really deserve being Alpha?

>The thought made him sigh.
Hiccupâ€| He looked away from the afternoon sun, another name radiating through his mind. His heart suddenly felt as if it had been stabbed.

>Stoickâ€|
He pressed his eyes together, clenching his teeth.

>I should have tried harder, he thought with despair. I could have killed Hiccupâ€| But insteadâ€|
"Alpha!?" The new voice arouse him from his troubled thinking.

>He turned, noticing it was Stormfly. Toothless was about to object at the title-after all he never saw Astrid calling Hiccup chief- but paused at the urgency of her voice.
"Whatever do you need?" he prodded, cocking his head.

>"A dragonâ€| Washed up on shoreâ€| Unidentifiable," the Nadder panted, bowing in respect to Toothless.
The Night Fury nodded questionably.

>"Location?" he asked.
"I'll lead you."

>The Deadly Nadder shot into the sky, hovering just as close to the ground as possible for Toothless to see.<p>

He dipped his head and she flew forward with a gust of speed. Toothless reared onto his hinds-somewhat like a horse would do-and leaped forward, his paws thudding in rhythm with the land.

The trees passed by and he caught glimpses of different colored pelts as he flashed by dragons.

>He lead them now. His priority was to protect them.
The Alpha protects them all. He remembered what Cloudjumper had told him.

With the new assignment at paw, he continued to trek down the path the Deadly Nadder was leading him. Debris shielding his path and he was automatically forced to skid to a careening halt.

With a snort of haughty disdain, an echoing sound started in his chest makings it way up his throat before finally...

>Boom.<p>

The hindrance exploded into tiny shards allowing him entry forward. Stormfly had continued on. Either she had not seen him get caught up in the obstacle or it-whatever it was- was too important to loose sight of. His ears perked inquisitively. Interesting theories formed into his mind.

>Was it a new dragon?<p>

It was an interesting hypothesis. He enjoyed meeting new species, especially his rider who adored being involved with dragons. Toothless thought about him affectionately. One of the many reasons he liked his companion.

>He stretched his limbs, continuing forward again with thick

bounds.<p>

It was only several minutes later did he hear the familiar trickle of the waves. The ocean itself was vivid with gorgeous hues of blues, filling his gaze with a sort of lightish teal tinge, mimicking his Charged spinal scales.

>The sand was also luminous, radiating heat as the sun climbed higher into the sky.<p>

The Night Fury had always been curious to how it was rarely hot and almost always cold. It was on surprising occasions like this, the sun will radiate with its warmed strands of light. He walkways thought of it with good-spirits.

With an encouraged grin, he followed to where Stormfly had landed, her right wing had folded but she brandished her left, mentioning him forward. The Alpha followed her lead, extremely interested at what dragon she had found.

At first, his thoughts couldn't comprehend what he was seeing.

Was this some type of hallucination? A hoax? Surely what he was looking at was unreal. Surely...

>He just stared, his eyes narrowing to slits as he stepped forward. For what he saw made his blood chill. His heart seemed to stop as he leaned to take in a closer view.<p>

Lying in front of him in a heap of scales, was nothing other than another Night Fury.

2. Chapter 2

****Hi again! So I whipped up this next chapter for all of you. Hope you guys enjoy it and remember to review!****

* * *

><p>It was feminine from the looks of her elongated tail and lacking of the pointed spikes underneath her chin. She was entirely black save for the deep blue-nearly jet-black like the rest of her- that traced down her throat, underbelly and underside of her tail. From his vantage point, he could glimpse her wings, tail-fins and tail-flaps glistening with seeming lacteal scales? He couldn't make out what they were, but what he could identify is that they mimicked the stars in a stunning pattern. Her left paw was tucked closely under her side.

"Well?" he heard Stormfly ask. But her voice was distance to him as he looked in awe.

>Toothless hesitated as he approached. He hadn't glimpsed or confronted any Night Furies for years now€| And seeing one just lying in front of him sent a ripple of bewilderment coursing through his body.<p>

Suddenly, her gaze snapped open-brilliant hues of blue-and her gaze found Toothless in shared shock, though to his surprise and confusion it quickly turned to disgust.

>"Stay away from me," she snarled, staggering to her paws to slump back on the sand again. She shot him an askance look, her optics

flaring as if challenging him to speak about her feeble attempt to get to her paws.<p>

The sun burned overhead and the dragoness hissed, her chest heaving as she tried to steady what seemed to be pain.
>Toothless stepped forward, but received another warning growl from the opposing Night Fury.<p>

"I told you to stay away," she snapped, repeating her movement by trying in effort to stumble to her paws.

Stormfly-having been quiet for some while-heaved her own husky snort.

>"No one talks to the Alpha that way." Her tail lifted to reveal the lethal spines used to puncture enemies, all of them being directed at the dragoness's throat.
"Wait," Toothless muttered quickly, but was soon overtaken by a revolted laugh.

>"Him? Alpha? I thought they were bigger dragons." Again she examined Toothless, though this time a look of deep disdain coursed through her optics.
"He beat the dragon you call 'bigger,'" Stormfly grunted and added with a rumble, "And say it again and I'll impale you."

>"Try me," she muttered, warily watching the Deadly Nadder's tail and finally managing to remain on her paws. Perking his ears, Toothless noticed that she had a strange metal object tagged to her left paw. Attached to it was a deftly cut chain. She cringed as she placed weight on her haunches, though remained glaring at both dragons.
"Well? There's no show here," she hissed, attentively watching both of them as if they were quarry. As if it were a diligent task, she backed away angling her steps toward the forest. But of course, her injured paw-it seemed- was stalling her down from running.

>"Wait!" Toothless called in alarm, springing after her, Stormfly wide on his tail.
"Stay. Away. From. Me," she repeated with malice, her gaze burning. "I told you to leave me be."

>"But you're another Night Fury!" he protested the glowing marks along his spine-signaling his leadership-seeming to flare brighter.
For once a look of fear overcame the female dragon as she stared at his glowing scales, then it was once again replaced by outrage.

>"So? There's a whole lot of them if you know where to look," she snapped, trying to accelerate her speed though she stumbled once again landing on the sand with a cry out of pain.
Instinctively, Toothless reached out to help, though he was greeted with slashing digits.

>"I don't need YOUR help," she retorted and at the same moment a volley of spikes peppered around her paws. She rolled backwards, flinching at whatever was causing her agony. As she rolled, Toothless caught a glimpse at her distress.
A long wound-somewhat fresh from the looks of it- sliding under her right wing. No wonder she hadn't taken off yet! He paused turning to glare at Stormfly.

>"Forgive me, Alpha. She was asking for it," the dragon muttered in satisfaction, not at all sorry for her actions.
For once, Toothless didn't object her calling him his new title.

>"Get to the village," he ordered.
"But-" Stormfly began to protest, her tail lashing. "That thing can harm you!"

>"I doubt a wounded dragon could hurt me. Night Fury or not," he calmly told her. "Now get to the village." This time he placed a slight amount of authority. He did not want to lose his only chance to speak with another Night Fury.
Obediently, Stormfly dipped her

head in respect and took off into the sky.

>Toothless watched her outline disappear and looked down toward where the dragoness was still flailing to get to her paws. Her claws scrabbled at the ground, slicing long, jagged scars into the dirt. Her slumping onto the ground was taking a toll on her. He winced in sympathy, again trying in vain to receive a look of gratitude as he reached out a paw.<p>

She clenched her teeth, giving him a deadly glance. "Cannot you get it stuck in your head I do not need your help?" The new Night Fury coughed, droplets of blood staining the rich, white sand.

Her belligerent and stubborn attitude made Toothless snort in dismay. "But you are injured. Could I just-"

"Just leave me be," she drawled yet again. She muttered something inaudible under her breath and wrinkled her nostrils in frustration as if she had gone the awry direction.

>It seemed as if Toothless's beneficial approach was not helping. An agitated look passed through him. Why was this dragon being so complicated? Trying another tactic, he spread his lips into a pleased smile. Maybe if he looked cheerful and non-threatening she'd lighten up a bit. Just thinking about actually standing beside another dragon of his kind sent another shiver through him. To see the look upon his rider's face...<p>

His blithesome expression seemed unvalued as-to his chagrin-she gave him a boorish snarl.

The blemish upon her wing caught his attention as she shifted it, the light catching it dimly. Crusted blood ruined the magnificent white-flecked coloring upon her wing. It made her wing look brittle, just staring at the grisly wound. At least the rest of the 'stars' seemed in place except for that one, particular mark.

Her paws clawed at the dirt making what seemed to be a useless bulwark.

"What-"

"Get away. I don't need you watching me here," she growled.

>He stared at her as if she were some type of bursar. After all, it had been such a long time since he had spoken to a Night Fury. Except this one... Wasn't technically the right one he wished to talk too.
Still receiving the animosity of her gaze, he took a wary step back.

Behind her, the brae casted a shadow over them, engulfing them in dark light as the sun began its decent down into the horizon.

>He glanced back down at her, glimpsing the odd white scales beginning to give off a faint glow.<p>

His attention was suddenly broken as a nearby bole shivered. He peered at the body of the tree, hoping that there wasn't any Viking in close proximity. His eyes trained on multi-colored scales... He paused. Hadn't he-

Toothless's abrupt alarm was interrupted as he heard a rustle, only turning to spy the dragoness vanishing into the undergrowth.

He launched himself after her, his paws skidding on the sand.

>"Hey!" he called, though he knew he was ignored. He pushed away the flare of anger. After all, he was the Alpha and here this Night Fury had washed upon shore and was neither heeding his greetings nor giving any signs of respect.
"Whoever you are, I command you to stop," he bellowed, peering into the undergrowth. A set of blue eyes scolded back.

>"Now you're ordering me around," she huffed, her eyes flicking around their surroundings, no doubt looking for a safe retreat.
"Since you refuse to acknowledge me, I'd like to ask you something. I want to know if you know where the Cavern is."

>She frowned, narrowing her eyes in sudden apprehension. Fear radiated off of her scales.
"Whyâ€| Why would you want to know where the Cavern is?" she inquired, taking a step back.

>His green gaze swept over her.
"I asked you a question," he sighed softly.

>She stood there and did not respond.
Toothless's tail twitched. He hadn't always been named Toothless. It was only when Hiccup had given him his name had he changed to it.

>He paused once more before repeating the question.
Again, the Night Fury did not reply. And again she seemed to look paler with fear.

>His heart raced. "Are you afraid because something happened to the Cavern?"
Her gaze hardened into a savage look. "Oh I wish," she murmured. The dragoness's eyes turned cold. "Aren't youâ€|" she started.

>"â€|Prince Vasillos? I am indeed," Toothless said with a snort. "Now could you-"
He was cut off, the only warning he received was that of the ballistic sound of a Night Fury about to fire.

>His own throat glowed as he charged his own Plasma Blast, intercepting that of the female's.
Quickly he reared up, beating his wings to clear the clearing of smoke. He froze. No scent.

>The Night Fury had just disappeared.<p>

His eyes pierced the wilderness. There was no evidence a Night Fury had been here in the first place.

He felt his heart pound painfully against his chest. He had just lost sight of another Night Fury.

>A more troubling thought came into place.<p>

...And maybe the only connection to the rest of his species.

3. Chapter 3

****His return to the village was slow and heavy. His ears were pressed flat against his head in disappointment.****

He had been so close to meeting another of his kind again. He paused, suddenly remembering the wound the female had had.

Maybeâ€| Just maybe she was still on the island.

A troubled thought occurred to him. She was grounded to the earth and if another hungry predator could find herâ€|

His wings sagged on the ground. Forget it, he thought. The dragoness didn't want to be found, so he'd leave her.

"Alpha!" the call came from behind as Stormfly strode by his side.
"You look disappointed, what happened?"

"Wellâ€¦" The Night Fury took a breath and recounted his events. The Deadly Nadder listened skeptically.

"I see," she muttered. "Well if I were you, I'd stay away." Her gaze softened. "I know she must be the first Night Fury you have seen in ages, but if anything she spells trouble."

The Night Fury's ear flicked at this.

"Very well," he sighed, groggily dragging his paws. His thoughts raced with the new encounter. Another Night Fury. Here! His heart quickened in his chest, though it eased back into a slow pulse. But then again, there was the problem of the dragoness not wanting to be found.

"It is my honor to help you, Alpha."

He grumbled under his breath. "Stormfly! There's no need to say Alphaâ€¦"

"Of course, Alpha."

He pressed his eyes shut. "Why must everyone call me that?"

"Because you are our Alpha. It is a sign of respect."

"But what if I don't want this 'sign of respect' and just want to be called Toothless?"

Stormfly shrugged. "It has always been this way."

Another snort came from his jaws. Another consequence he had to solve.

He did a playful bow, his eyes dilating.

"Would you like to play then?"

Stormfly hesitated. "Is that an order?"

"Of course not!"

She then nodded, leaping at him.

With quick agility, the Night Fury ducked, grabbing hold of an adolescent tree.

He heaved, ripping it from its roots before dashing away.

"That's not fair!" he heard Stormfly laugh-a throaty though melodious sound all dragon's omitted.

He felt a tug as the Deadly Nadder caught hold of the opposing branch. Her fangs crunched down on the bark, blistering it to pieces.

She sat back, licking her chops as if she had started to eat peanut butter.

"Ma tongue. I can't spheel ma tongue!"

Toothless dropped his end of the branch and grinned, spotting the look on her face. It was so comical.

"You all right?" he called, trying not to smile, but a sudden playful urge kept him like that.

"I am, but I doubt your going to be when I beat you!" she said suddenly, the accent of her voice changing back into strength. Her large maw clamped down on the branch and she raced away, her tail raised in a sign of triumph.

He'd been tricked!

Now it was his turn to protest.

"Cheater!" he chuckled, taking off after her.

He skidded to a halt, his trail suddenly being blocked by spikes.

"Oh, you want to play that way, eh?" His throat glowed brighter and an echoing screech started at his chest.

A plasma blast shot forward, hitting a nearby branch directly where had aimed.

It landed with a clunk in front of the Deadly Nadder, giving Toothless enough time to catch up to her.

By then, Stormfly had already overcome the newfound hindrance and darted away.

"Come back here!" he drawled in amusement as he sped forward.

Stormfly skidded to a halt, turning to stare at Toothless with wide eyes.

"Ohâ€¦ Was that a command? Did I disobey you?"

The Night Fury stopped beside her, giving her a crusty look.

"Aww come on Stormfly! We were having so much fun, why did you have to stop?"

"Because you said 'come back here.'"

"Playfully though!" His ears drooped.

"We can start again if you want," Stormfly added obediently.

"No, it's fine," he sighed. "I just though we could have some normal fun for once. Can you get it in your head that I am still Toothless? Your loyal friend?" He gave her a pleading look.

The female dragon lowered her head. "Fine, Toothless."

His drooping ears erupted straight up again.

"FINALLY!" he gasped.

"I forgot to say Alpha," Stormfly purred, winking at him.

He gave her a look of surprise. "Yourâ€| Your kidding right? Please tell me your kiddingâ€|"

The Deadly Nadder laughed, leaned down and took the tree before leaping away.

"Come and find out!" she mumbled through the bark.
"Alpha."

"Challenge accepted!"

It was sunset when they arrived and already the villagers were returning to their dens.

"Hey bud!"

The Night Fury twitched his ear, turning to find himself face-to-face with his rider.

"How about that ride I promised?"

His tongue lolled out at the sound of that. It had been three weeks since his last ride. Hiccup had to be in charge of taking care of the village after the Bewilderbeast had attacked. So far, he was doing a great job of it.

"I'll take that as a yes," he laughed, scratching him behind the air. Toothless crooned at the gently message as Hiccup mounted.

"Let's go Toothless!"

At the sound of that, the dragon took a running jog and launched himself into the air.

Three gentle flaps and they were already soaring to the clouds.

"How much I've missed this," he heard Hiccup shout over the roaring of the wind.

"Me too," he replied, tucking his wings into a dive. He felt his rider tense-a sign that he was prepared for it.

Wind rushed against the Night Fury's face and again his tongue was lulled out by the sudden change of temperature.

The sunset's hue was a mix color of rose red and lighter pink. Yellow rays rose out to touch the darkening sky as a royal blue haze took over.

It was a true sight any dragon enjoyed.

"Ready Toothless?" His ears perked at the sound as he extended his

wings to avoid collision with the ocean as it rushed toward him.

He let out a grumble of protest. It seemed like every time his rider glided with that strange device; he'd be close to hitting something.

"Oh come on bud!" he complained as they zigzagged back into the sky.

Rolling white puffs greeted him, moistening his scales, no doubt wetting his rider.

"Gah, what was that for?"

He smirked, giving him a sideways grin.

Toothless spotted Hiccup swipe his hands, the dew on it splashing on his nose.

"That's cold," he complained with a chuckle.

"C'mon bud, just this time?" his rider pleaded.

He glared at him for a second before lowering his head.

"Just. This. Once," he muttered, hearing the usually click of metal as his left tail fin was set, enabling him to glide solely.

"Here we go!" he called and the sudden weight on Toothless's back vanishing, signaling his fall.

The Night Fury watched his rider descend, folding his wings after him.

"You crazy buffoon!" he chided to him, giving him one of those crusty Night Fury looks.

As if on cue, flaps appeared, hoisting him up into the air like a ragdoll.

Toothless shook his head in amusement, flaring open his own wings to stay in pace with his rider.

"I can't wait until the village is free of ice and rebuilt!" he heard Hiccup shout. "Then I can come out a lot more often with you."

At this, the dragon let out a growl of excitement.

"Yes! I'd love that!" he crooned.

"Like I thought," Hiccup returned, having his own little grin.

A sudden object caught Toothless's attention. His ear twitched in curiosity as he lowered himself to view what it was.

Something rang in his ears and his optics narrowed to slits as something cannoned toward him.

A part of him wanted to duck, but the other knew if he did, whatever was being fired would hit Hiccup.

He hissed, tackling Hiccup into a protective stance, feeling the net whizz past his ear.

"Whoa there," he heard his rider said in alarm. Toothless released him, ducking underneath the human and feeling the usual click as the human controlled his tail.

Another explosion and he was forced to dive down. A ballistic sound echoed in his throat and a Plasma Blast collided headlong into the flank of the ship. He had made it strong enough so it rocked violently.

To sink it, he'd have to wait until Hiccup's cue.

The human, on the other talon, was waving his arms at the captain.

As they approached, the dragon could glimpse who had been shooting. A middle-aged man with a clipped black goatee. His hair was completely black and messy. The Night Fury wrinkled his nose at the revolting stench that rose from the boat.

"Cease fire," he heard the captain order, staring suspiciously at Hiccup as they circled overhead.

He was a strong man-almost like Stoic-with beady black eyes and a large nose. Scars ripped across his face making his facial features look even more hideous. His hair was black like the other crew member.

"Who are you?" he called.

"Hiccup, Chief of Berk."

The title stung Toothless. He had heard Hiccup say it plenty of times, though when it was to a stranger he always felt an odd sense of loneliness. Stoic had been their chief. And he had.

Stop that, he scolded himself. You were under influence of Draco's Bewilderbeast. But as he kept thinking of it, it made him feel more and more hurt.

He could have tried to stop it. Fought harder.

"Hiccup? Ain't that a runt's name?"

At this, Toothless growled, landing with a thud onto the ship. The captain drew his sword, aiming it toward them.

"Not a step further."

Hiccup stepped off of Toothless, examining the two men. "You are in Berk territory," he pointed out. "And with no permission to shoot at us."

"Berk, eh?" the captain asked, though it was more of a statement. He balled his first and raised it. At first Toothless thought it was a sign of aggression, but then he noticed it kept the other human silent.

"Well, that beast," he pointed with a beefy hand toward the Night Fury's way. "Is ours."

"Toothless is my companion," Hiccup snorted, crossing his arms. "You must be mistaken."

The Night Fury growled, baring his fangs. The markings along his spines began to glow, making the Captain spring back in alarm.

"What on Earthâ€¦"

"See? He's not yours."

"Then that's the wrong demon," the captain said, glaring at Toothless warily. "And by the looks of it, I was dearly mistaken. That Night Fury is completely black. The one we are searching for has blue on it."

"â€¦Another one?" Hiccup suddenly asked, his full attention drawn to the hefty looking human. "Really?"

"Uh huh. A she-dragon all right. She's been real dear to us and we need her back."

The way he said it made Toothless hiss, his throat glowing the light blue tinge.

"Whoa there," the captain said, backing up slowly. He signaled to the younger man whom stood in front of him with a nervous look on his face.

Hiccup wasn't focusing on that though. He turned to Toothless.

>"You hear that, boy? There's another Night Fury!"<p>

"I've already met her," Toothless muttered.

"Hey, wait now," the captain suddenly said, shoving the other male from in front of him-he received a troubled snort from Toothless at this.

"Night Lyric is ours to keep. After all, she is my dragon."

"Night Lyricâ€¦?" Hiccup questioned him, crossing his arms. "I doubt-

"Oh no," the captain grumbled gruffly. "I never named her. It was another boy. About your age I suppose." He pointed a finger at Hiccup.

Toothless growled softly, though he cocked his head in bewilderment. Night Lyricâ€¦ a fine name.

"Why did she escape you then?"

"She wasâ€¦ Erâ€¦ Scared off by something."

"I see," Hiccup said, narrowing his eyes. Toothless caught the disbelief and suspicion in his tone.

"So if you could allow us to camp at your island?"

Hiccup paused then signaled Toothless closer.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I wouldn't mind. But if you do find your lost 'Night Fury' could you show me?" At the look of Toothless's gaze he added, "Me."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Sure."

"So we have a deal then?" Hiccup asked, suspiciously pulling out his hand for a handshake.

The captain hesitated, staring at the palm. He gruffly rose his own, taking Hiccup's hand and shaking it, thus sealing the bargain.

It was a long time until they reached the island. Hiccup had made Toothless double back several times to check upon the ship as it rocked on the sea.

They had refused to hitch a ride on Toothless-thank Odin-and had chosen to remain on the ship for their own 'safety.'

The Night Fury watched in satisfaction as a particular wave crashed against their side, making the captain stumble upon the ground. Whoever they were, he knew not to trust them.

Already, night had fallen and the brilliant constellations shone brightly. The full moon had risen several dragon flights up, making Toothless's scales glow faintly. Already he was glowing with the newfound power of the Plasma Charge.

Toothless beat his wings, purposely sending a gust of wind into their direction.

"Toothless!" Hiccup stated and he felt a gently cuff around his ears. The black dragon rolled his eyes.

"What? They are bad news."

Hiccup leaned down and whispered, "I know you dislike them, but if they know the location to this 'Night Fury' you could be reunited with one!"

"Already met her, like I said before. I doubt she'd like to see me again," he muttered.

He felt Hiccup tap his shoulder. "I thought you'd be more excited, are you feeling well?"

The Night Fury did not reply and if on cue the captain-which Hiccup had found was named Mace The Bold.

Mace raised a lantern, looking annoyed. "Are we close to being there?" he called back to him.

"Almost," Hiccup returned.

Suddenly, a question arose from Mace.

"Say, why were you so excited when I told you about Night Lyric?"

Hiccup paused on Toothless's back before saying, "Well, we thought Toothless was the last Night Fury! Apparently we were wrong."

Toothless slapped one of his ears against Hiccup's cheek. That was the last thing he should be telling this newcomer!

"Hey!" he objected, but the Night Fury wasn't paying attention to him. Instead, he spotted a devious glint in Mace's eyes as he stared up at the black beast. The Night Fury growled, veering to the right and taking off as fast as he could to Berk.

"Bud! We were supposed to lead them!"

Toothless ignored him, speeding up.

The black dragon ignited on the ground, his teeth bared in irritation. How could Hiccup allow them onto Berk territory? His rider wanted him to meet another Night Fury but!

He felt the human drop off his back.

"What was that?" he scoffed angrily. Toothless averted his gaze and did not answer.

"Oh I see. The silent treatment." He nodded, crossing his arms. "Fine then. I'll get Stormfly to help out."

At this, the Night Fury's ears stood up in sudden alarm. He'd be putting Stormfly in harms way if they decided to attack. He grumbled, leaping in front of his rider and shifting toward the ground, allowing him room to climb up.

Hiccup grinned slightly. "That a boy."

It was moonhigh when they reached their destination and from the black dragon's vantage point, he could see Mace and his other member unloading and examining the place.

Toothless's eyes narrowed from the hill as Hiccup climbed up next to him.

"Well, they are all set. They want to sleep in their boat for tonight." He clapped his hands together, giving the black dragon an assuring look.

"Come on, bud!" He waved his hand and started toward their cottage.

The grass stirred at a gently breeze as both of them entered the building.

"Hiccup!" Valka stood at the door, looking a bit worried. "Where were you?"

But Toothless wasn't listening to their conversation as he made his

way up the stairs. He curled up and settled his chin on his paws. He perked his ears, hearing the last of their conversation.

"What happened with Toothless?"

"He's really tired," Hiccup replied. "And he dislikes the new strangers."

Then with a sigh, the black dragon was swept into a troubling sleep.

4. Chapter 4

****Hey guys! Thanks so much for the followers and favorites! Even though there's two reviews, it means a lot to me to know you guys like it :D! **Oh I don't*****know if this chapter should be rated T for some blood and stuff ^^.** Beware :o! Any-who,** here goes the next chapter, enjoy and remember to review :3!**

* * *

><p>Toothless jolted awake, jerking his head up in a violent motion. He shifted his cranium to get a better look at the room. Nothing. The black dragon could have sworn he had heard something.<p>

The moon's light crept inside the room, casting an eerie glow on his scales. His eyes "dappled by the luminous gleam- stared around area, trying to locate the source of the sound he had heard. Even with his acute hearing, nothing could be heard.

A thought crossed his mind. Maybe I had imagined it. He shuffled his paws, preparing to return to his slumber, but there it was again. It was the acoustics of a roaring dragon.

With as much silence as he could muster, he staggered to his paws. He slunk over to the entrance room, quickly avoiding awakening his sleeping rider, whom was safely tucked under his blankets.

Toothless nodded, assuring himself that his human would remain in place before bounding down the stairs.

The mass of another dragon came to view as he leaped down the remaining length of the way.

Cloudjumper lay motionless in a heap, the gentle heave of his chest signaling his sleep.

Toothless cringed at this, not wanting to disturb his peaceful rest, though knowing he had too.

"Cloudjumper?" he murmured as softly as he could.

Immediately his optics opened, giving the impression he hadn't actually been sleeping. But as he had learned, the Stormcutter's had a special reflex to noises like most dragons, including himself.

"Yes, Toothless?"

He decided not to comment about him using his actual name in case Cloudjumper would forget and return to calling him that bothersome title.

"Thanks for taking charge today."

His eyes narrowed curiously at this. "I doubt you have woken me to speak of your gratitude. What troubles you?"

"I'm going to investigate something outsideâ€¦ If I'm not back at sun-hightâ€¦"-

"â€¦To send a search party after you?" Cloudjumper guessed.

Toothless ducked his head into a small bow. "I would appreciate that."

"You have my word." He returned the bow. "Just stay safe, Toothless."

The Night Fury grinned slightly at this before gingerly coaxing the doorknob open with his gums.

Click.

He squeezed his muzzle through the small opening, the door swinging open with a minute creak.

He glanced back, ready to pull the door closed again, but Cloudjumper was already softly pushing it with his wing-talon. "Stay safe," he whispered again, then with a soft heave the door shut behind the black dragon.

Toothless hunched his shoulders and began his trek down the hill.

The cricket's music filled his ears as they hid among the lush grass. They were much too distracting to his ears. He tried in vain to clear it, though it was utterly useless.

His head cocked as he tried again to detect the roaring. He extended his voluminous wings sending a gust through the grass. Green objects swirled in his wind's wake and several of the cricket's chirping abruptly stopped.

He snorted in irritation and returned to discovering the noise. Once again, nothing was to be heard.

"Gah, for Odin's sake," he muttered, knowing with his entire heart he had heard a bellow.

He froze suddenly, his heart pounding against his chest. In the distance he heard it.

It wasn't a happy roar and he was certain about that. He tucked in his wings, launching himself across the hill, now a black blur to any who spotted him.

His paws thudded soundlessly on the ground as he sprinted into the

forest.

The air turned humid as he did so, the canopy rustling overhead.

Another roar was heard over the sudden rush of wind. It sounded closer this time. And it sounded pained.

Toothless let out a roar in return, alerting his approach as he sprang forward, his spines lighting up bright blue.

What he saw shocked him. Against two trees, two Monstrous Nightmares and a Rumblehorn had cornered the female Night Fury from the previous day. The thing was, he didn't recognize any of them.

The one who had been attacking at the right-now paused to gawk at Toothless- was a light fiery color, almost like his friend Hookfang, though it also had a tinge of blue to its scales. Beside it, the other Monstrous Nightmare was a hue of light silver dotted with purple. The Rumblehorn on the other talon was entirely green.

The female Night Fury-which name was apparently Night Lyric from the words of Mace-was clutching at her chest, her wounded wing tucked tightly at her side, her other one extended to make herself look a bit bigger. She suddenly coughed, droplets of blood dotting the green grass a deep scarlet color. She had been trapped.

"Enough," he hissed, a sudden gale of wind colliding at his side. The patter of rain soon replaced it, drenching his scales.

He glanced at Night Lyric, the look in his eyes telling her to run to safety. She flinched at his gaze and lifted her left paw. The chain he had seen formerly was still there and it was stuck between branches.

Why isn't she Plasma Blasting?

He lashed his tail, glaring at the dragons as rain beat down on his wings.

"Well?" he demanded, baring his teeth.

The Rumblehorn hawked and spat on the ground. At that, both Monstrous Nightmares charged, igniting themselves on fire. Steam hissed and billowed into the air as the rain kept falling.

He avoided the first one, but the second slammed its fangs into his leg.

Toothless let out a snarl at the sudden assault, feeling warmth gush down his paws. He swirled around, ripping his limb free of the Monstrous Nightmare's clutch to be tackled by the other one.

The black dragon thudded a few lengths away and quickly climbed onto his paws.

These dragons definitely weren't from around here to know he was the Alpha. He doubted they'd even care. He still hadn't mastered that hypnotizing trick that the bewilderbeast had used. He shook his head. He never actually wanted to learn it, though he knew he had to

some time for cases like this.

He sprang aside, an echoing screech starting at his chest. A whirling azure mass erupted from his maw, aiming it directly at the one who had bitten his leg.

Thunk.

It went flying, its wings splayed as it landed on the ground. The remaining one paused, glancing at something behind the Night Fury. Toothless suddenly hesitated. The Rumblehorn had refused to fightâ€|

He whirled around, launching himself away from the Monstrous Nightmare and tackling the Rumblehorn headlong into its flank as it crunched on Night Lyric's injured wing.

The female Night Fury-has Toothless glimpsed- was trying to hold the pain, but soft whimpers kept coming from her maw as she clasped it tighter to her flank.

So far, Toothless couldn't understand why in Thor's name she wasn't fighting back.

Speaking of Thorâ€| A sudden lightning bolt flashed at the sky, kindling the seen with its harsh white light before fading, it being replaced by a shaking BOOM.

"Why are you attacking her?" he pressed with a roar as he rolled away, the Monstrous Nightmare he had retreated from barreling toward him.

"Masterssss orderssss, Night Fury," the Rumblehorn chuckled as Toothless stepped directly in front of Night Lyric as she tried to tug her chain loose, though to no avail.

It was the first time he wished someone would call him Alpha. He hated how he said 'Night Fury.'

"I'm the Alpha and I order you to stop."

He growled, lowering his head and extending his wings ever so slightly to give the impression of a much bigger dragon.

"Your rulessss do not override our masterssss wishesss. Unlesssss of courseâ€| You canâ€| Control usss?"

Toothless did not reply, though eyed them both warily, the Monstrous Nightmare he had attacked nowhere to be seen, though the one he was facing at the moment seem about ready to rip his throat out.

"Easy there now," cautioned with a lash of his tail, trying to have the calmness like Hiccup's voice.

For a second the Monstrous Nightmare's eyes softened, but it was gone and Toothless had a difficult time deciding if he had imagined it.

"Vanquisher," the Monstrous Nightmare said in a devious tone. "Wouldn't master like the other one as well?"

Excitement flickered at the gaze of the Rumblehorn.

"Excellent thinking, Bloodspiller. Get Combustion over here so we can end thisss quickerâ€¦"

Toothless growled at this, knowing whom this 'Vanquisher' spoke of. The one he had shot down with one of his charged Plasma Blasts.

For a terrible moment, he thought he had killed the other Monstrous Nightmare-solely wanting to wound it.

A moan from that attention made him think otherwise. The Rumblehorn's eyes flickered to the battered Night Fury lying beside the Alpha, to Toothless, then to the forest where Combustion was.

A low growl made its way through the bulky dragon at the same time, another bolt of pure electricity ripped the air.

Bloodspiller backed away to retrieve Combustion, but Vanquisher held his tail in a signal to wait.

"We retreat and come back in numbersss, understood?" Though he said in disgust.

Despite having been reassured by their withdrawal, he couldn't just let them leave.

"And what makes you think I'd just let you leave?" he demanded his wings still parted to shield the other Night Fury.

"Thisss," the Rumblehorn hissed. A fiery missile erupted from his maw and Toothless reared up as it aimed for his paws. Smoke gauged the clearing, the rain hissing as it met its opposite element. Then the smoke vanished and there was nothing to be found.

He coughed, unease burning at his throat. Who were they? How had they escaped so quickly?

Toothless peered to his right, though did not glimpse the Monstrous Nightmare he had injured. His ear twitched. He had a lot more important matters to attend to.

His gaze dilated as he padded over to Night Lyric. He was shocked to see how bloodied she was. Her wound upon her wing had been reopened and shredded. Long cuts had appeared around her neck and throat and her chest heaved with the effort to breath.

"Iâ€¦ Didn'tâ€¦ Needâ€¦ Yourâ€¦ Helpâ€¦" she rasped, shivering with the attempt to breath. "â€¦Thankâ€¦ Youâ€¦" she added after the look of puzzlement Toothless gave her.

"Here, lean on my shoulder. I'll get you to the village."

Her eyes betrayed her fear as she tried to rip her chain loss. "â€¦I'dâ€¦ Ratherâ€¦ Dieâ€¦ Thenâ€¦ Allowâ€¦ Humansâ€¦ Toâ€¦ Cureâ€¦ Meâ€¦" the croak came out as a soft whisper.

Choosing not to protest unless she were to start shouting at him-which would certainly kill her- he tugged at the branch holding

her still.

The chain was stuck tight.

Toothless reared up and blasted it with a Plasma Blast, watching as Night Lyric flinched at this.

The branch exploded into splinters, enabling her to lift her paw. She winced, a low whimper escaping her.

Toothless had to admit he was impressed by her lack of crying even when she had been completely shredded with claws.

Toothless cringed at the thought of leaving her, but he had to find some shelter if she did not want human contact. He knew how that felt when he had been captured, so he chose not to press her.

Leaping away, he tried to locate a safer spot for the Night Fury to rest in. Another flash of light sent him lurching to a stop. Thunder shattered the silence. But he had seen what he wanted.

A small cavern.

He sent a small thank you to Thor before launching himself back toward Night Lyric. She seemed to have been getting paler by the minute, her frame looking smaller than the last time.

"Here, lean on me," he spoke in a soft tone, worried for her wounds as they continued to bleed. He knew he should do something, but the rain kept falling down on them and it was no helping.

The ground was already soaked, making it treacherously slippery and it added with the gushing blood from her wound and Toothless's.

Night Lyric shook him away. "Can't Handle It Myself" She struggled to her paws and gasped, clenching her teeth to the agony.

Even after she had said this, Toothless felt her soft body careen gingerly onto his shoulder.

A sharp inhale from Night Lyric told him that she was struggling to walk-her shivering paws squelching in the mud.

"Just a bit further" he murmured into her ear as thunder reverberated overhead.

His gaze found the gaping hole of the small chasm. He nudged Night Lyric, but already she was panted, blood spilling from her maw.

"Can't Go On" she whispered. "Too Much Pain"

Another flash lighted up the scene, the horrific sight too much to bear. Toothless felt his heart explode with outrage for the ones who tortured this Night Fury and a hint of misery at knowing she was right. How could he heal her if she had lost too much blood? Already, her ragged breaths were coming into short rasps.

"We are so close," was the only thing he said as rain continued to pour onto their heads. An idea drew to him as he disentangled his wings from her pressed up body and unfurling them to make a sort of umbrella over her head.

Rain seeped onto his wings, sheltered her from the cold droplets. He trailed off in sudden alarm. Cold droplets? That meant hail soon!

He limped on a bit faster, nudging helpless Night Lyric on. She obeyed, but each step was growing into a falter. Each breath she took seemed like her last.

Already Toothless was panicking. "Almost there," he said softly, feeling her shivering form weaken more. Blood still poured fluently from her sides.

Finally, by some miracle, they were inside the cavern. He felt a bit alleviated as they entered, though it quickly went back to distress as Night Lyric began sliding off his shoulder.

"Wait," he whispered, feeling her sink further into the ground with a soft groan.

A screech came from his maw and it was lighted blue. The echolocation did not sense anything nearby; in fact the cavern was minute.

After checking, he breathed a small Plasma Blast on the ground. It glowed faintly, warming the spot.

Night Lyric settled down on the spot he had created for her. Her shivering eased ever so slightly and Toothless could guess what other thing was causing it. Blood loss.

What to use? What to use!

"Hazard? Weed?" she wheezed.

The Night Fury remained at her side, his expression looking torn. He had left her to find shelter, could he possibly leave her again? If he didn't, she'd die and if he did leave to find an herb that was unknown to him she might also not survive.

"How does it look like?" he questioned, making up his mind.

"Light? Green? C-coloring?" she murmured, falling still. Each breath sounded like a rattling growl. He turned to the entrance, hearing the familiar ping-ping of hail. He nodded once before springing out into the open, his paws digging into the ground as he did so to prevent himself from sinking into the mud-blood slick grounds.

"Hazard Weed? Hazard weed?" Ice clanged on his scales, making him growl in irritation. Stop getting distracted Toothless! He scoffed himself in his mind.

"Light Green? Wait?" He exploded into a gallop, his heart beating faster by the second. "Yes!"

He approached a tuft of long, elegant grass. He tried not to roll upon it. He could swear that Hazard Weed was Dragon Nip.

Toothless leaned down and plucked the grass out, flashes of light warning him to return to the village. He ignored it, tasting the familiar sweetish tang on his tongue.

Once it was securely clamped in his jaws, he padded back into the cavern, hail still falling like the blood of the Night Fury's wounds. Toothless paused for a moment, checking on his own gash on his paw. It had stopped bleeding, but held a nasty mark. After all this he hadn't felt the pain, now that he cared to stare at it, the agony returned.

He shook himself once, trying to rid himself off the sour pain. Remember your task, he kept thinking.

The black dragon spotted the weak outline of Night Lyric from a distance. Was it him orâ€| Or had she stopped breathing?

Wildly, he picked up the pace, his eyes narrowed in terror. How about she was dead?

He careened to a halt at the entrance, lowering his head to nudge the weakened dragon.

A breath escaped him as he saw her eyes flicker.

She wasn't dead.

Yet, he told himself. He knew the Night Fury was clinging to life as he was clinging to hope he could cure her. You could tell as the blood pooled around her, the scarlet glint making him shudder.

The wind howled outside, beating at the cavern as Toothless kneeled down beside her.

Releasing the grass from his maw, he thought what to do with them. She hadn't really given him specific instructionsâ€|

"Night Lyric?" he whispered, though he got no reply.

His ears flattened in worry. How about her soul was already drifting off to the afterlife?

"Night Lyric?" he repeated. A groan responded him, but nothing more.

He scrabbled at the grass, pushing it into the deepest gash-the one at her throat.

Surprisingly, the blood eased, though some of it still trickled around the bandage.

Had it really worked? Or had she lost so much blood she couldn't bleed anymore?

He shook his head. Nonsense. A dragon couldn't live if it lost that much blood!

Toothless looked at the other wounds. The wing was especially vibrant, each time a flash of lightning illuminated the sky, it glittered with blood and torn flesh.

The black dragon knew the gashes would get infected if not tended to quickly enough, but for now his main priority was to stop the gushing blood.

His talons gently touched the wounded wing. He needed something that could bundle it together. A trip to the village would again be risky for the injured Night Furyâ€¦ But it'll have to do.

An idea bubbled to life in his head and he got set to working on the other slashes. His head throbbed at the metallic scent of blood as he began to apply the herb. Luckily, the dragon nip seemed to dull the nauseating smell.

His paws gingerly stroked her flank, trying to locate any other lethal gash. Nothing. Some of his tension lifted as he sniffed the minor scratches, which had stopped bleeding even before he had patched it up.

He hesitated once more. Her other side had to have tending to, but with the awkward angle where she had slumped down made it impossible to do. His ears flattened against his head. He couldn't move her, or else she'd perish.

"Gah!" he muttered, beginning to pace. Something usefulâ€¦ He raked his mind for something a dragon needed.

Water!

He looked around, the hail ringing into his ears again. Ice melts into waterâ€¦ Just need a placeâ€¦ He paused, deep into thought. A solution came into place.

He reared onto his hinds and blasted the ground with a charged blast. It impacted, fracturing into the solid rock.

Shards of the granite flew into different places. He recoiled, hoping none had dug into any of the wounds that could lead to more bleeding.

Toothless's inclined his head, exhaling. Nothing had hit Night Lyric.

His paws clawed at the fragments of rocks, removing them from the shallow hole he had created.

Returning outside, he extended his right wing, recoiling slightly as the hail dug into its membrane.

>Once satisfied at the collected amount, he padded back inside. His focus trained on Night Lyric, lying peacefully on her side. Ragged breathing filled his ears and he noted she was still alive.<p>

The heat upon his scales had melted the frozen rain and he silently dipped his wing sideways, allowing the water to trickle into the ditch he had made.

>Now he needed something to make the Night Fury drink. Something

caught his attention at the corner of his eyes. A nearby leaf had been strewn from its tree, ripped away from the savage wind.<p>

His mind worked quickly, his reflexes acting up as he pounce directly onto it as if it were his quarry.

>It was soon clamped firmly in his jaw as he stalked back to the shelter.<p>

Now for the difficult part! He tried to balance the transparent liquid onto the leaf, though as much as he tried, it did not allow it. He grumbled, discarding it in a wet heap at the back of the den. Again he lowered his cranium to assure himself that Night Lyric was in the living. Again he heard the raspy breathing.

Toothless padded back into the open; the hail pounding once again uncomfortably on his back. Thunder erupted like an explosion in the air and it took most of his willpower not to jump in alarm. His eyes had keenly spotted a willow tree and he did not want to lose sight of it.

He made his way toward the willow, the wind trying desperately to knock him off balance.

The black dragon's weight held him firm, though he couldn't help but hiss at the invisible enemy.

>His talons clawed at the bark, ripping a piece from it. The sturdy substance left a grim smile on his face. It would surely work.<p>

Back at the cavern, he dipped the bark into the water, feeling it bubble. He lifted it gently, feeling the extra weight of the cold liquid. With a triumphant smile, he returned to Night Lyric's side, gently trickling some onto her lips. The cold effect must have worked for her parched maw slowly opened, allowing the small drops to enter.

Toothless allowed more to seep into her stale tongue. Her breaths slowed a bit into a gentle rhythm with the hail. A smile tugged its way into his facial expression.

Drip, drip. His attention was brought upon her still wounded wing, -it still bleeding- the idea he had thought up earlier falling into place.

He slowly poured the remainder of the water before placing it softly on the ground.

"I'll be back," he said softly, before racing out into the storm.

5. Chapter 5

**Hey guys! Man, a five day streak on my chapter ! I'm on a roll :3. I would like to thank XxxFirefangxxx and GeministarX on deviantart for the fanart! Thanks guys! I really appreciate it :3!
>Anyways, onward to the next chapter!

* * *

><p>Creaaaaak.

Nudging the door to his and his rider's home, the black dragon stared around for anything suspicious. He was already having a difficult time working against the clock. He shook out his wings, feeling hail clatter off of him and tumble to the ground. Once ridding himself of most of the frozen rain, he slunk inside.

Almost immediately, warm amber eyes greeted him.

"Your back!" Cloudjumper said in an excited tone, though it quickly melted into worry. "What happened? And your foot!" He sprang to his paws, knocking his head on the roof creating a fairly loud bang.

Toothless hissed a quiet 'shush.'

"I'm alright," the Night Fury said, though a stern look from the Stormcutter made him sigh.

"Really!" he insisted, looking around for any signs of Valka or Hiccup awakening after Cloudjumper's unfortunate noise.

"You looked nervous," he went on as Toothless peered into the kitchen. He'd have to wait for tomorrow morning for fish.

"I'll tell you later," he promised in a soft whisper, climbing the stairs.

"But your foot-"

"I'm fine!" Toothless snapped, interrupting the bigger dragon. He drew back his ears, his gaze softened when he looked into Cloudjumper's worried eyes.

>He knew the dragon only wanted him safe.<p>

"Really," he added. "I need to attend to a dragon."

"Very well, _Alpha._"

Toothless's heart twisted at his title. He dipped his head nonetheless, creeping into his human's room.

Lowering his head, he whispered a small apology as he came up to Hiccup's bed. He leaned down lower and plucked the first layer-the thickest-of his rider's covers.

He suddenly froze, hearing Hiccup shift in his sleep. He groaned something before laying on his other side.

>His eyes rolled in amusement and he wondered how the human hadn't awoken to the howling wind and the lightning flashing outside.
Maybe the pounding hail on the roof was lulling him to sleep. After all, this house had been designed to prevent hail from entering in any way.

The scent of human abruptly tickled at his nose as he grasped it firmly in his maw. Having what he came for, he slunk back down the stairs, his yellow green eyes glinting with satisfaction.

Again, Cloudjumper waited for him, the way he cocked his head

signaling his curiosity and puzzlement.

"Where are you going with that?" he prodded, but the Night Fury refused to reply.

"Do we have any fish?" he asked instead, scolding himself for not asking when he had checked.

"No," the Stormcutter said with a shake of his head. "We do not."

Toothless grunted with disappointment. He could have bundled the fish inside the covers so he had twice the things. The black dragon knew he didn't have much more time. The longer he stayed here, the better chance she could die. If she hadn't already.

>The thought made him shudder.<p>

"When are they to get more?" he inquired, already backing up toward the door.

"In the morning." The sentence confirmed what he had thought earlier.

"Alright, thank you," the black dragon said with a hesitant smile. He looked down at the trailing blanket, wondering how in Odin's name was he suppose to hold it without it getting wet.

His head bobbed up as he stared expectantly at Cloudjumper who was watching him inquisitively.

"You could always fold your wing over it if what you are looking for is not to get it wet," he pointed out softly.

>Toothless nearly facepalmed at this. Why hadn't he thought of that earlier?<p>

He extended one wing, forcing the blanket underneath it. He nudged the trailing pieces deeper into his wing, pressing it tighter against his flank. Once he was convinced it wouldn't get wet, he dipped his head in gratitude to Cloudjumper.

He returned it as a bow. "See you soon then?"

"Maybe," he replied before disappearing out the door.

The wind greeted him with a fierce blow to his side making him stumble. Toothless's claws hooked into the ground as his spines glowed lightly.

The hail had returned into rain, making it easier for him to jog into the forest without feeling himself be peppered with pebble-sized ice. But still, the freezing droplets water made him feel awkward.

For a dreaded second, he thought he had lost the blanket to the rain, though when he checked, he saw the odd coloring of it. He shook himself like a dog, trying to rid himself of the cold moisture that stuck to his scales.

Toothless growled. He'd do it later, as for nowâ€¦|

His paws thudded to a lurching stop at the entrance of the cavern,

his eyes flicking toward Night Lyric's limp body. He approached it, freezing in terror, as he didn't catch the rise of her chest.

Then the Night Fury let out a gasp, her flanks heaving again with the effort.

Blood had crusted on the floor as he entered and his hold on the sheet slackened until he deposited it at the floor beside her. He was careful not to place it atop the blood. He needed the cover fresh.

Delicately, he placed his paw onto her wounded wing. An intake of breath told him that she was awake, though barely.

Blood still leaked as he extended it further. He recoiled at the sight. The tenuous flesh had been torn apart, leaving the pink inside of the membrane slick with blood. The bone which enabled a draw to lift, fold, basically everything of the wing had been gravely damaged and broken.

No wonder it hurt every time he made contact with it! Blood still gushed from the torn skin, leaking onto the floor. Picking up the blanket, he tried to wound it around her wounded wing.

She hissed in pain, trying helplessly to draw back her wing to her side. At this attempt, more pain gave way into her as she recoiled, feeling the bone awkwardly shift where it wasn't suppose too.

"There, there," he whispered softly. He remembered his mother's sweet croon as he accidentally stepped on a thorn.

Night Lyric relaxed slightly, her wing once again going limply into his paws.

His paws worked quickly on the blanket -stringing them around her wounded wing and blocking the blood-wave.

>Finally he finished. Gingerly he placed her wing down, the sheet acting as some sort of protective substance over her injury.<p>

Toothless stepped back to admire his handiwork. He nodded in satisfaction, and then he hesitated.

This was all he could do.

His ears perked at this and he curled up beside Night Lyric, awkwardly placing a wing over her feeble body.

"Please let her live," he pleaded overhead, seeking refuge from the sky, but all he could see was the cavern ceiling, blocking the view from the stormâ€¦

The Night Fury's head shot up in a whirl of panic. He had fallen asleep!

>Was it a dream?<p>

The heat radiating from the dragoness next to him answered that question.

He nudged her flank, feeling the familiar breaths of a dragon. Thank the heavens she wasn't dead.

Morning light trickled from the cavern entrance making the blood that pooled around Toothless's paws glistened scarlet.

It was much more blood than he remembered. Had a wound reopened?

>He shook himself. No. It was solely because the night had been in turmoil. He hadn't enough time to check how much blood she had lost.<p>

Now that the full light entered the area he had slept in, he could see how bleached Night Lyric was. At least her breaths did not come raggedly. Instead, the heaving was a normal dragon intake and exhales.

All right for now, he thought with relief. She looked so peaceful in her sleeping state.

>He got up and arched his spine into a long stretch. He remembered the fish Cloudjumper had said and quickly walked toward the entrance to the den.<p>

"Stay here," he whispered, and then he shook himself. He was foolish to think she could move in her state, but he could have sworn he saw her ear twitch.

Again he trekked out toward the village. His pace was already wary for slipping in and out of the cavern for about the fourth time!

His limbs were still sore as he made his way up the hill. It was until he made the summit did he realize he had been limping.

"C-Cloudjumper," he panted in exhaustion. Even if he had fallen asleep-at a fairly wrong moment- it must have been for a little while for he still felt those treacherous fangs drilling into his flesh.

There was no response. He shoved open the door to find the great dragon missing.

>A thought overwhelmed him. Had he already gone to make a search party?<p>

Wing beats overhead signaled another dragon. A shadow cloaked the black dragon.

"Toothless, your back! I decided to bring these early in case my assumptions were correct." He landed with a thud in front of him. "Which they were."

He, being bipedal, lifted his left talon, depositing the sack of fish. Toothless smelt them gingerly.

>"Waitâ€¦ These are freshly caught meaningâ€¦!"<p>

Cloudjumper smiled warmly at him. "It was the least I could do."

His eyes shone in gratitude.

>"I am truly lost for words. Thank you," he murmured. He gently shoved the fish into the sack, turning to the Stormcutter, that

curious look still implanted to his face.<p>

"It's about that Night Fury," he breathed quickly. He leapt into the story on how he had found her being cornered, about the dragon that had attacked her and how he was trying to heal her. He skittered over details, not wanting to push his luck that the other Night Fury was still alive.

A grim look replaced his former express. "And one of the dragons did that?" He pointed with a wing.

After trying in vain to push through the details, he had forgotten to mention the wound.

"Yes," he responded quickly, the sack grasped in his maw, muffling his tone slightly.

"Why do you not bring this Night Fury over here?" Cloudjumper prompted.

Toothless paused, dropping the bag. "Two reasons. One, she seems to be afraid of humans and two, those strangers want herâ€|" He hesitated, narrowing his eyes toward the boat.

"Might I assist you then?" he politely questioned.

Toothless gave him an apologetic look. "Not at the moment. I still don't know her reaction toward me, not to mention another dragon!"

"I understand," he said, though gestured around him. "And your duty-"

"You can take charge while I'm gone," he said quickly.

Cloudjumper's eyes narrowed. "Toothless, you know the responsibility of this! It is an honor to be chosen by you, but you must know that these are your dragons."

"I know. I will be back soon," he promised. He whirled around, racing back to the forest.

"Oh! And try not to let Hiccup worry!" he called from over his shoulder, vanishing into the woods.

His pace slackened as the cavern came into view.

"You are backâ€| With fish?"

The voice made his ears perk in surprise. His head poked into the cavern entrance, and there she was, her chin lifted weakly. Droplets of water ran down her chin, telling him she had been drinking water.

"Indeed," he replied, trying to sound formal as he dropped the bag of mixed specimens of the scaly marine creatures.

Her head vanished inside and she reappeared with four of the creatures inside her maw. With a mighty gulp, they all disappeared down into her throat.

Her tongue flicked out of her mouth as she licked her chops. Night Lyric turned back to Toothless, noting his staring.

"What? I'm hungry," she said with an offended look.

"Just a day ago you had been trying to tear out my throat," he said, suspicious at her sudden change of behavior.

"You saved me. I think I might have misjudged you."

His nostrils flared as he tried not to snort. Instead, he sat down, folding his wings nervously.

"Soâ€¦ How do you feel?"

"Bloody, hurt and hungry," she muttered, reaching in to draw out another succulent morsel.

An awkward silence crossed between them and Toothless shut his eyes to feel a breeze trickle at his ears. It was surprising this peaceful landscape had had a storm such as the one as the previous night.

His optics snapped open as he shifted his cranium to stare at her, though she seemed not to be paying any heed to him. It seemed her only desire was to replenish her starving gullet.

His tail twitched, his artificial red flap catching in the sunlight.

Night Lyric cocked her head at this, her eyes meeting his. When he looked closer, her eyes seemed to change the hue of blue. They were like shards of glass. Her optics were an ultramarine color, flecked with electric indigo. There were traces of turquoise as he looked a bit closer, but recoiled back, not wanting to be rude, and abruptly noticed she had averted eye contact and was now staring at his tail-fin.

"I saw it the last time we metâ€¦" she trailed off, narrowing her eyes. "But didn't get to ask what exactly it is. It looks human madeâ€¦" Her nose wrinkled and she suddenly gasped.

"â€¦That's a saddle! You're a pet!"

A low growl erupted in his throat at the name, but he forced it down.

"A companion," he corrected, watching her warily look him over.

"A companion?" she echoed a harsh laugh sounding in her throat. "Then what did they do to your tail? Cut it off and put another to make it look cool?"

He paused. She had cornered him there.
>"That's a long story," he muttered.<p>

She rolled her eyes, pushing the empty sack away. "I have time. I can't go anywhere, remember?"

He recounted the story with his human years ago in his head.

"Until you tell me why you suddenly turned afraid when I told you my true name. Why you, yourself have a human chain around her pawâ€|"
Toothless paused and added, "And most importantly, why did those dragons attack you?"

His ears perked as he could tell about how her expression turned paler that he had hit something he had not meant too.

"T-that'sâ€| Classified. They are all classifiedâ€|" She turned her head away and added, "Thank you by the way. Maybe some royalties aren't that bad."

"Toothless! Where have you been?" was the first thing Hiccup asked as he approached. Night Lyric had assured him she'd be all right until nightfall, but he still couldn't help but ponder what she had meant.

He was after all a prince of the Cavern. Where most every Night Fury livedâ€| But that all changed when he found Hiccup. Something had happened to the black dragon's memory and as hard as he tried, he could never remember the location.

"Busy," he replied with a husky growl. It wasn't a warning to his rider, but more of a way to communicate with his sounds.

"I see. Well, I promised Mace I'd have a guest house waiting for him," Hiccup said in a firm whisper. "Then we'll find this Night Fury. Sound good?"

A moan escaped him and he shook his head violently.
>Hiccup cocked his head in bewilderment and confusion. "Bud, don't you want to find another of your kind?"<p>

Before he could reply to that, his stomach gave a grumble of protest, having not eaten yet.

Hiccup folded his arms and glared at him suspiciously. "Haven't you eaten alreadyâ€|?"

Again the beast shook his head.

"Alright then." He clasped both hands together and waved him forward. "I was wondering why there was an empty basketâ€|"

Hiccup lead Toothless inside the house where he confronted Valka and Cloudjumper. The mother of Hiccup was gingerly scratching Cloudjumper behind his lowered head.

"He's been restless," Valka explained. "He did not sleep last night."

Toothless felt a pang of guilt enter him as he glanced up at the dragon. The Stormcutter returned it with a gentle smile.

"There was a pretty big hail storm," Hiccup pointed out, walking into the kitchen.

"Cloudjumper does not fret about those things," Valka said in a soothing tone. It seemed more toward her companion dragon as she

brushed her hand over his horn.

"Then what do you suppose it is?" Hiccup called from inside the kitchen, returning with a basket of fish.

Toothless's eyes dilated. Finally!

He tore one wish from the basket, gobbling it down whole. The sticky sweet taste stuck to his tongue and throat and his eyes drooped slightly.

"Looks like someone was hungry," Valka said with a smile. Cloudjumper extended a wing as if finally taking notice Toothless was there.

"How was it?"

"Eh," he responded, gulping another.

"Meaningâ€|?"

"She doesn't like humans and when she saw the saddle-"

"â€|She freaked?" he interrupted.

"Hmm."

"Well then. The dragons are worried for your safety, so I have been told."

"I can handle myself," Toothless sighed, glancing up at Valka's face, which now held a concerned look.

"Toothless, is something the matter?" the human asked, kneeling down beside him.

"Nothing," he said, the human hearing the gurgle of his voice.

Valka's gaze suddenly switched to his paw.

"Mother of Odin, Hiccup did you see this?!" she gasped, gingerly stroking his leg-no doubt trying to find a broken piece of a bone.

He recoiled from her soft touch.

Hiccup peered at the wound. "Noâ€| I didn't notice it. I was too caught up with being worried with himâ€|" He trailed off, getting onto his knees beside his mother.

"Who did this, bud?" he asked. "Mace?"

As much as he wanted to nod his head and tell him it was the suspicious man, he shook his head.

"A dragon must have challenge him," Valka guessed, and then turned to Cloudjumper, a mixture of realization and puzzlement on her face.

"Was that why you were restless? Because you knew Toothless was fighting?"

He shook shrugged his shoulder and lowered his cranium. "Somewhat," he said.

Valka studied him for a second before returning to Toothless. "We need to get him patched up before he gets infected," she warned.

"On it," Hiccup said, returning into the kitchen and reappearing with a soaked towel.

"Watch them," Cloudjumper murmured into his ear. "You can learn how to cure your friend of yours."

Toothless inclined his head. "She's not a friendâ€¦ I'm just helping her," he muttered.

The Stormcutter straightened, an amused look upon his face. "Suit yourself then," he said with a purr.

Toothless grumbled under his breath, suddenly letting out a hiss as cold water was placed upon his wound.

Hiccup's comforting hands were placed upon his head, calming him down ever the slightest bit.

"Hold still, bud," he said, watching Valka apply the iced water onto his wound, cleaning the grime off of his paw.

"Why was he outside in the first place?" his rider suddenly demanded. Toothless could sense his worry for his safety.

"A dragon can go where he pleases. This was just an unfortunate fight with another dragon," his mother replied, not taking her eyes off of the wound as she continued to dap the liquid into place.

"Get me some oil, thyme and dried marigold," she said suddenly to Hiccup as if wanting to change the subject. "And while you're at it a masher, a bowl and something to bandage his paw."

The human pressed the damp cloth closer into his wound, making him hiss.

The pressure slackened and he felt Valka grip his lower jaw. "Dragons are such mysterious creaturesâ€¦ What did happen?"

He was saved as Hiccup barreled back into the room, carrying the supplies she had ordered.

"Ah," Valka said, releasing the dragon as she dipped down and cupped the bowl into her palm.

She took the thyme and the marigold, dropping them into the wooden object.

With the masher, she crunched them both to a pulp. Toothless cocked his head waiting.

The mother of Hiccup and rider to Cloudjumper took the minute bottle

of oil and poured it with a splash into the dish, stirring it until it was a yellow hazel color, almost like his eyes. The thing that most caught his attention was that it was thick. Very thick.

So oilâ€|

Thymeâ€|

Marigoldâ€|

He recounted the list over and over again.

A squelching sound brought him back to reality and he noticed Valka's palms dipping into the salve.

Suddenly, he felt a soothing sensation in his wound as she rubbed the poultice. A croon came from his jaw, as it seemed the lotion was killing the pain.

"He likes it," Valka said, her expression changing into a happy one.

Hiccup folded his arms together, a look of relief clouding his face. "He'll get better right? He already lostâ€|" He drifted off.

My tail fin, Toothless thought skeptically, staring at his autificial leg. They were two souls, but one at the same time.

Valka stopped rubbing and removed her hands-much to Toothless's disappointment-and replaced it with a silk white cotton bidding.

"Of course he will," she laughed. "This is only a mere gash. He'll get over it in a couple of weeks. No actual harm was done to his bones and his scales and skin seemed to be copping just fine."

"That's great!" he said. "C'mon bud, how about we go flying then?"

"Wait a moment, Hiccup," she suddenly said. "I think you should avoid flying until it is fully healed. When a dragon lands, it tends to place a lot of pressure onto its paws to still itself. So, just to be safe, I'd rather you not fly him for now."

Hiccup seemed about ready to protest, but hearing that it could injure his friend further, he declined on doing so.

But Toothless on the other paw let out a dragon whine. He liked flying and he doubted a little landing would hurt his pawâ€| He grumbled in irritation, knowing Valka had a point.

"Don't worry bud. Time flies quickly." After he heard his rider say this, he felt his hand pat his head.

Abrupt knocks at the door arouse everyone to their senses.

Hiccup rushed to the door and opened it a crack. At first, the soft scent of Astrid came into his senses then a warning growl crawled into Toothless's throat, as he smelt whom else it was.

"Astrid!" Hiccup said with a grin, and then turned to what Toothless could not see at his vantage point.

"â€|You have brought guestsâ€|" At this, he didn't seem pleased.

"If you'd excuse our rudeness, though we thought you'd have a house ready for us, hmm?"

It was Mace's voice.

Cloudjumper growled at this, having heard enough from Toothless to know the two humans were not welcomed.

"Cloudjumper!" Valka whispered, looking surprise. "Hush, Hiccup is talking."

Even though the Stormcutter gave her an apologetic look, he stalked to the door, looming at its frame.

>Toothless followed, his spines glowing brighter. A yelp was heard, as he seemed to see Cloudjumper.<p>

"What is that?!" was the audible gasp. The black dragon smirked, coming into view.

"That's Cloudjumper, the Stormcutter." Toothless watched Astrid speak of the great dragon's name, his head cocked curiously.

Why did she have to bring them here?

Hiccup nodded in agreement. "Of course," he said, beckoning to Toothless who slunk out the door.

"Ohâ€| And excuse my impudence as well, our deal's off."

"What?" his rider asked in bewilderment and puzzlement. "You mean your leaving?"

"No. I meant my side of the trade. I cannot show you Night Lyric."

Hiccup stared at him. "Why?"

"Seeâ€| She seems to have become a tyrant-she attacked three of my dragons- and for your well being, I wouldn't want you to confront her."

Hiccup stared at him and placed a palm onto Toothless's head. "My companion here is the Alpha of the dragons, he'd be able to control this Night Lyric until I can tame her." His arms crossed. "And I never knew you had dragons! Could you show me the one or ones she attacked?"

But Toothless was not paying attention; instead his eyes were pinpointed to Mace.

Threeâ€| Dragons?

A growl sounded in his throat and he tried to ease the urge to launch himself at the human's throat.

Cloudjumper noticed the 'coincidental' number, his own optics lowering and his lips slowly parted to reveal his ivory teeth.

"Cloudjumper!" Valka hissed, though her gaze was directed at Mace. She knew something was up.

Meanwhile, Hiccup and Mace were still talking.

"Errâ€¦ He's too hurt at the moment," he explained. His eyes kept warily watching the Night Fury and Stormcutter.

"At least show me where he is then?" Hiccup pressed on.

"He's anti-social."

"I'll bring Toothless."

A shadow loomed overhead and a bulky dragon landed.

Toothless's heart froze with outrage. It was none other than the Rumblehorn itself!

"Vanquisher!" Mace said with a look of 'worry.' "I thought I told you to stay and heal!"

His throat burned as his anger continued to burn. He hadn't harmed the dragon it was faking!

Vanquisher limped over to Mace, lowering his head as a sad sound came from his maw.

"So you were telling the truth," Astrid stated, looking at the Rumblehorn. She had been silent until now and she turned to glare at Hiccup. "And this other Night Fury that SOMEONE should have told me about?"

Hiccup blushed in embarrassment. "I was going tooâ€¦" He trailed off, crouching near the Rumblehorn. "There's no wound."

"His wing and legs were brutally broken," Mace said quickly. Valka stepped forward.

"I'll tend to it then," she said.

Mace waved his arms. "No, no! No need, it's under control."

"I assure you sir," Astrid butted in. "She's a dragon master."

"I have it under control," he repeated and then quickly tried to change the subject by saying, "I heed warning to stay away from the forestâ€¦ Especially that cavernâ€¦"

Toothless glowered at Vanquisher, who was glaring at him at the corner of his eyes. A smirk lined his maw. "Scared? Because I have already tracked down your Night Fury friend, she will be ours soon once Combustion heals."

The black couldn't hold it in anymore. In an unleashed fury, he launched himself upon the Rumblehorn, blasting him squarely in the

face with a charged Plasma Blast.

Vanquisher let out a screech of real pain; backing away as he clutched at the spot he had shot.

"Toothless!" Hiccup yelled, though he was hardly audible as he sank his fangs into the dragon's wing, wanting to do anything in his power to injure him as he'd done to Night Lyric.

Power. The word echoed in his mind and he was soon brought to the present. Blood swept around his paws. But it wasn't his.

Now he could hear his rider's words. They sounded fearful like when he hadâ€|

He turned to the humans, his eyes dilating with guilt.

"I'm sorry," he murmured, lowering his head.

Mace stood there, a look of horror on his face. The dragon knew he didn't feel the emotion. He couldn't scent it.

"Toothlessâ€| Just go. Come back when you can behave yourself," Hiccup snapped, looking away and pointing the opposite direction of the forest.

Cloudjumper had a mix of loyalty to his Alpha, though it was also mixed with disbelief.

Toothless turned back to the Rumblehorn, seeing the damage he had done. He recoiled, seeing blood leaking freely.

He had done this and this time he wasn't in the power of the Bewilderbeast.

He backed away, but instead of going where Hiccup pointed, he scrambled toward the forest.

They had found her and it was his job to protect her.

He glanced back over his shoulder, pinning his ears against his cranium.

>He seemed to slacken pace as he aimed for the cavern. That was Mace's plan! To get Hiccup on his side.<p>

He had to save Night Lyric from Mace's and his gang's clutches somehow.

And this he was certain.

6. Chapter 6

Another chapter posted :D! Hope you guys enjoy and be sure to review! I like hearing feedback about my story :D)

* * *

><p>"Night Lyric, Night Lyric!" he called, spotting her lounging in the sun.<p>

She raised her muzzle at the urgency of his voice, turning to meet his gaze.

>"Before you say anything," she said with a flinch. "How do you know my 'name?'"
How was that important at the moment? Toothless remembered Night Lyric had never actually told him her name. He had heard it from Mace. With realization, he had also forgotten to introduce himself! Wellâ€| His new name, not his old.

"They are after you!" he panted. The elegant dragoness's optics narrowed. He was certain she knew whom he meant.

"Why do you warn me?" she pressed in suspicion, having seemed to already drop the subject upon her name.

He stared at her. "The same reason I healed you! Now come on."

She stayed where she was. "How do I know this isn't a trap?"

His feet shuffled impatiently on the ground. Odin, this dragon was stubborn.

"What about that line you said earlier? Something about not all royalties being bad? Just trust me this once."

Night Lyric sighed. "Very well."

She staggered to her paws, but let out a gasp of shock and pain. She crouched back onto her side again.

"I can't."

The Alpha bounded to her side. "Here, lean on my shoulder," he said in a soft mumble, thinking of the previous night.

Night Lyric sank deeper into the ground. "â€|It hurts," she said with a tremble, though nonetheless struggled to her paws.

He could feel her holding her breath as she tried to take ease the agony.

Toothless shook his head. "No. Take quick breaths. It helps." But it seemed like the female just ignored him as her body leaned onto his.

His green yellow eyes glittered as they pulled away from the cavern, the dappled light falling upon the canopy.

Her warmth radiated into his and he couldn't help but peer down at her.

Did he like her?

He shook his head, ridding himself of the thought. No such distracts should enter his mind.

"Gah!" she gasped, sinking onto the ground. Her side heaved with pain. "Iâ€| I just can't."

Toothless had considered the idea of leaving the cavern and finding a

different location, but now that he was certain they knew where she was hidden, he couldn't risk it.

"Quick breaths," he assured her. "Quick breaths."

As if snapping out of a reverie, her optics met his. With a crestfallen hiss, she staggered against Toothless.

>It took his entire willpower not to topple over.<p>

"Now I feel as if I am hyperventilating," she hissed as her breathing quickened.

>"That's good then," he replied, looking around to catch a glimpse of shelter.
His ears suddenly perked as an idea dawned on him.

What had the Hiccup called that placeâ€|?

Raven's Point?

Yes!

>He'd take her to the cove where there was plenty of shadeâ€| waterâ€| fishâ€|<p>

However with her broken wing, she'd also feel trapped and hopeless. Well he had guessed, since that was the same feeling that had occurred to him when he crash-landed.

"Why did you warn me?" she inquired, repeating the same question she had at the other cavern. "I thought ever Night Fury wanted me dead, especially one of royalty."

>He stopped in his tracks, the only sound being that of the whispering wind and her ragged, brisk breathing.<p>

"What do you mean?" he pressed her, looking confused. "You are the first Night Fury I have met in years. I do not know what has been going in the Cavern."

Night Lyric stared at him skeptically. "You really don't?" He felt her still on his shoulder.

>"Ohâ€| You went missing beforeâ€|" She stopped herself and let out a breath. "Let us get going."<p>

Interest and the need-to-know burned in his chest as he stared at the young female. She was holding so much back from him.

He took a breath and said, "Why won't you tell me?"

She averted her gaze from his and do not reply.

>A grumble of disappointment slid through his throat. Though who could blame her? He had secrets of his own.<p>

"I'll tell you why I got this red Tail-fin," he said as they started on. He was going to take her to the Cove.

Her head snapped toward him in bewilderment, but she recoiled at the pain in doing so.

He shrugged, looking into her expression.

"I was shot down and lost my tail-fin," he explained, waving his tail up.

>"A Night Fury? Shot down?" She snorted in disbelief. Toothless scowled at her and she quickly added, "Who shot you down then?"<p>

"I'm getting to that," he sighed. Already she was interrupting.

"I was trapped inside a cramped net, so I couldn't unfurl my wings. Then a human boy showed upâ€|"

"The same which had hit you down?" she inquired with a growl. She sounded interested.

>The land slanted as they made their way up toward the mountain.<p>

"Yes," he responded. "But the startling thing was, he freed me."

Night Lyric's eyes narrowed and she seemed to choose not to comment.

"I grab him by the neck and roared him a good warning," he huffed. A smile tugged at her lips.

>"Teaches it not to mess with Night Furies, eh?"<p>

Toothless's shook his head. "There's more though."

Night Lyric listened attentively as he told her about Hiccup returning to try to build him a new flap. All the while she kept an incredulous expression.

"And so, he finally fitted a tail-fin that I could flyâ€| Only if he's riding me."

"That's outrageous!" she bellowed. "So now you're his living flying toy?"

Toothless growled at this. "No! Like I said, I am his companion. One time, he gave me a tail-fin to actually allow me to fly solely, but I broke it."

"You broke your token for freedom?"

"For my friend, yes."

>Night Lyric just stared at him. Pain seeped into her eyes.<p>

But it was not the pain of the wounds that had startled her.

"This 'Hiccup' sounds like someone I use to know." She shuffled her paws and looked at the dirt.

Toothless decided not to ask her. Whoever it was she spoke of, she'd reveal in her own time. If she ever trusted him.

"Come on, it is just up this slope."

The sunken land came into sight as they approached the peak of the hill.

Night Lyric twitched her tail, eyeing the cove suspiciously. "Why here?" she demanded.

"It's safer then any place I know. This is where my rider and I came to trust each other."

Night Lyric peered curiously at Toothless. "Trust each other," she echoed.

Toothless paused. Did she think he was bringing her here so they could learn to trust each other?

Her weight suddenly dug into his, forcing him to the ground. She winced and sighed as her body sagged onto the mud.

"It hurts so much," she whimpered, her head thudding onto the moist dirt.

"We just have to go down toward there and we'll be in," he promised. "Just a little longer."

"I just can't," she whined. "And what is the use? Vanquisher is going to find me either way."

"Do you do know him?"

Night Lyric tensed. "Yes I do."

"How?"

"That's a long story."

"I have time." He replayed the line she had said at morning.

She glared at him and instead of replying she muttered, "I'm stuck."

>"In the mud?"
"Hmm."

The sludge made a low sucking down as he tried to take out his paw. It loosened, allowing him to lift it again.

"Just squirm and break free," he told her, trying to nudge the Night Fury back onto her feet.

"How nice, genius. I would have done it already. Injured remember?"

Toothless rolled his eyes. He could take that as a sign of her getting better.

"Then how?" he asked, skidding to her opposite side. A something husky caught in his throat and he tried to hold it in at the sight. Toothless made a hissing noise and then burst into laughter.

"What's so funny?" Night Lyric grumbled, glaring.

"Iâ€| Haveâ€| Neverâ€| Seenâ€| Anyâ€| Dragonâ€| Getâ€| Stuckâ€| Inâ€| Theâ€| Mudâ€|" he hiccupped through laughs.

"Oh I see how it is!" she hissed, not at all finding it funny.

>"Just you wait until I get out of hereâ€|" This time she

smiled.<p>

"Fine, fine," Toothless mumbled, ceasing his giggles and leaning down to study her.

>"Can you move?"<p>

"No." At least there was no aggression in her tone.

His claws scrabbled at the mud as he tried in vain to uncover her. But as more as he dug, the more dirt fell onto the Night Fury.

With a huff, he sat back.

>"I could Plasma Blast the mudâ€¦!"<p>

"Fine, but don't you dare blast my head!"

"It would be worth it," he teased back. Night Lyric laughed. His ears twitched at the sound. It was nothing he ever heard before. So graceful and soft. Maybe that's how she got 'Lyric' in her name!

He reared up and a ballistic noise sounded in his chest. An azure sphere shot out from his maw, blasting the mud.

"I feel a little free," Night Lyric sighed. "Again."

As he went to shot again he asked, "Why weren't you attacking when those dragons attacked?"

He blasted.

No answer came.

"Again," she muttered.

He repeated the question and fired another Plasma Blast.

Again, no response.

Slowly, Night Lyric got to her paws. Half of her was covered with mud making her appearance look less like a Night Fury and more like
aâ€¦|

"You look like a Gronkle!" he chuckled.

"I do not," she retorted, shaking herself. She winced at the sudden movement.

"Here. There's a lake at the cove. You can wash out there."

>Night Lyric reclined on his shoulder and they started down toward the sunken land.<p>

Splash.

Toothless watched as Night Lyric submerged herself into the water.

>The black dragon had unfurled the sheet from her wing to avoid getting it wet.
In the meantime, he returned to what he was working on. His paws sagged on a tree as he curled one of its branches around a nearby one.

He took a step back, seeing how the two connected trees shadowed a larger grotto than the one he had healed her in.
>It was a gaping hole in the side of the cliff. Weeds clung to the ceiling, making like a veil or wreath over it.<p>

"How do you like it?" he called over to Night Lyric whom was now settled down near the waves and taking in the sunshine.
>Her gaze turned to his voice.<p>

"Interesting. You never told me anything about a cavern in your story."

Toothless frowned. "It must be a pothole," he called back. "I checked it. It's very large inside."

Night Lyric yawned. "And if a Whispering Death made it?"

A shudder broke through the Night Fury. How he hated those species! A thought came into his mind and he shook it away. That was one secret he was deciding to keep.

"I'll fight it off."

"Uh-huh, of course you can." She rolled her eyes, trying to get to her paws, though failed in her attempt.
>Settling back down, she stared inquisitively at Toothless.
"How does your rider treat you?"

Toothless paused at the question. Why did she want to know that?

"He treats me like a good friend."

"That's interesting..." she grumbled. "Are you positive?"

"Of course I am. It's the way he looks at me..."

Night Lyric looked into the sky. "Tell me, what do you see?"

He followed her gaze, pinpointing the white fluffy clouds and the distant gray storm ones.

"Clouds," he replied. "Both white and gray."

The Night Fury lowered her optics to face his. "Humans are like clouds."

"Fluffy?" he laughed, twitching his tail at this.

"No not fluffy you idiot!" she chuckled. "Some can be greedy and some can be generous." She pointed with her unharmed wing.

"Or they can be both," Toothless said, lifting his own wing. It brushed gently against hers and she quickly folded it to her sides again.

"Indeed. But the humans I know..." She trailed off shifting her stance, her kaleidoscope-like gaze digging into Toothless's.

"Say, _Prince __Vasillos,"_ Night Lyric started. "Did your rider ever name you?"

The name and title brought back memories to his head. He quickly pushed them aside. Toothless had not heard anyone mention that name themselves in a long time.

"Yes. And I no longer go by that name. I go by Toothless."

"Toothless?" By her expression, he could tell she was trying to look serious.

"Did you say Toothless?"

Her teeth retracted and she gave him a toothless grin.

"Your rider? Serious? Named you? Toothless?"

She burst out into giggles, her frame shuddering in pain as she did so, but it seemed not to bother her.

"Dear Odin have mercy," she laughed, her sides heaving. "You're killing me."

Toothless grumbled in amusement at her harmonious noise. "So? It's a good name in some ways."

"Yeah, uh-huh. What's next? Scaly?"

Her chortles grew louder and she had to go all the way to muffling them by pushing her muzzle into the water.

Getting back to a better composure, she faced him, a grin spreading across her face.

"You have night in your name. Like 'Night Fury' but 'Night Lyric,'" he pointed out his ears heating.

"Hey! I was named by-" She cut herself off and cursed under her breath.

"Named by?"

Her body tensed and she turned on him, optics sparking with venom.

"Humans," she spat. "Happy?"

Well that was one thing obvious. He knew no dragon could commune with humans, so it would have served impossible to tell them her name unless one had made one for her. But what he didn't get is why a feisty dragon like her would have a rider. Something dawned on him.

"Was your rider... Greedy?"

She averted his gaze once more. "What makes you think I had one?"

"Mace knows your name."

"Mace?" she hissed suddenly and quickly calmed. "Mace was never my

rider."

"Then who?" His paws scratched the ground, digging holes into the ground. The dirt felt good under his claws and he needed something to tear at as he tried to rid himself of the tension he felt. His black scales glittered as the setting sun disappeared, making the landscape glow in that orangey, pinkish blue hue.

"I wish not to talk about it."

The pain in her eyes made Toothless's ears flattened. He hadn't meant to hurt her feelings. His paw reached out to comfort her, but she recoiled.

Anger surged into his heart.

"Why do you do that?" he demanded.

"Do what?" she snapped back, her ears also drawn back in a sign of aggression.

"Don't act dumb. Ever time I try to near you, you flinch as if I am some kind of monster! What have I ever done to you? Why do you hate me so much?!"

"It's not you... It's your family," she said in a quieter tone.

"What?! What is so horrible of my heritage? Night Lyric, I need to know!"

The wind rustled the trees as if warning Toothless away from the subject. It ruffled his ears as he waited for the response.
>Her uninjured wing snapped open, her optics narrowed to slits. With her teeth bared she sent words to his mind that chilled him.<p>

"I can't stumble over the fact you are related to _her._ Your mother..." She took a breath, her look becoming that of a broken down dragon.

"Your mother..." she repeated. "Killed my parents."

7. Chapter 7

Sorry guys for the late update! I've been preparing for school, but here goes the next chapter! Thank you my faithful readers for waiting :D! Remember to review :3!

* * *

><p>"Just a little hatchling, abandoned because of a horrible mistake," she went on, her eyes growing duller. "Too be left aloneâ€| Without the dragons you love with you."<p>

Toothless just stared at her. "Iâ€| I never knewâ€| I'm sorry." The moon made no such comfort as he stared at her.

Her eyes returned to meet his gaze. "You deserve my story," she sighed.

"My parents loved me like any dragon would love their cubsâ€¦ But the twist was, they were thieves."

She stared at the black Night Fury as if challenging him to say something. He stayed silent, hoping she'd continue. Though as much as he tried to deny it, the words echoed in his head. His mother had killed her parents.

"They raised me with care. Taught me how to stealâ€¦" She trailed off, cowering under her own words. An intake of breath seemed to relax her muscles as she continued.

"They were worried for my well-being when I grew sick. See, thieves usually steal coins, food, etcetera, but medicine?" The memory pained her as Toothless watched her wince.

"They couldn't afford to reveal they had a hatchling for most would want to kill me for a punishment to their stealing."

The whispering winds tugged playfully at the weeds under Toothless's paws. He sucked a breath the humid air sticking at his throat. He could already tell where this was going.

"One night, a stranger came into our den and told us he knew why I was sick. Until then I was loosing my strength. My parents were desperate. The newcomer promised them one thing in return for the Imperial Jewel."

This time Toothless interrupted, his eyes widening with shock. "The Imperial Jewel? You are not sayingâ€¦ Were they that desperate?" The puzzles clicked to pieces. He was relieved his mother hadn't killed them out of cold-blood, but yet out of lethal punishment. Nonetheless, a creeping dread crawled into his heart. They had only been trying to protect her, one half of him stated. But they were thievesâ€¦ Night Lyric shouldn't be trusted, the other told him.

Her eyes moistened. "I am getting there and it turns out, only he had the cure." And they believed him? He thought, narrowing his eyes. With a shake of her wing and a slight cringe she went on.

"My parents agreed," she murmured as if the scene was playing right in front of her.

"They went out and told me to stay. That they would promise they'd be back."

"And they never returned did they?" He tried to keep a small edge from creeping into his voice.

"No," she said softly. "A day later another Night Fury brought in for inspecting. Queen Sora was there. She stared me directly in the eyes as I asked for my dam and sire. She had replied that they were dead. The funny part is, she actually had pity in her eyes." She growled not pausing for Toothless to let the Night Fury cut her off.

"She told them to spare me for I was just a young cub. Your mother"â€¦ "She said the words with complete venom- "Told me I had the blood of a thief and I'd endanger her subjects. So she commanded one of her knights to take me away and never to be seen again."

She held her breath, tilting her head toward the black, star-dotted sky. Black clouds rolled lazily overhead.

"That one did so and left me purposely near a human-village he had known well. He knew they were good with dragons."

She exhaled long and soft.

"Wait. That's it?" Toothless interjected, though his eyes were soft. "You only have gotten to a small piece of your life!" Though she hadn't told him the whole truth, wariness of the dragon crept over him

"This is all your need to know," she growled, turning away. The chain on her paw caught the light and she added bitterly, "You'd think me a monster then I already am."

"You are not a monster as far as I am concerned," he grumbled.

"Yeah? How does being forced to kill dragons for a human's entertainment sound like?" She bared her teeth in complete frustration and regret.

"Killed?" he echoed, staring at her. She wasn't the type he'd think would murder. "What do you mean?"

"Forget it," she muttered, turning away.

Toothless looked at her before saying, "I know how it's like to lose someone you love."

She glanced back at him skeptically. "Not in such horrible manner."

"What you say is true," he replied. "I lost my family when crash-landing here. Do you know how much I missed them afterwards?"

She held his gaze. "Why did you do it?"

The male Night Fury paused, staring at her. "What do you mean?"

"Why didn't you go back? You could have with your rider."

Thoughts raced through Toothless's mind.

Silence.

Night Lyric's ear twitched. "Something happened." Her eyes glowed as a fairly large cloud floated above the moon. It made the disbelief that shone in them glitter brighter. "You forgot. That's why you asked me when we first met.. I do not understand."

"I myself do not know what happened," the Alpha sighed. "I had been sent off to keep the humans in check. When my rider shot me down... I forgot."

Night Lyric stared at him curiously, her grief gone, but her pain

obviously not. "You forgot, just like that?"

Uncomfortably he shifted from paw to paw. "Yes. But I have not regretted that after I met Hiccup. I am sure my sister or brother would have made a better leader than myself."

"But your the Alpha now, are you not?"

"Well if you put it like that..." The Night Fury said with a smile.

A sudden call from forest made his hearing senses tingle.

"Bud! Where are you?"

Night Lyric's ear flattened at the human's voice and her eyes grew to slits.

"We'll talk later," Toothless muttered and was relieved to see a look of friendliness cross her eyes even though of what had occurred. "I'd like that," she replied, suddenly glancing up in alarm.

Thud.

Toothless whirled around, spotting Cloudjumper a few lengths away.

"Who is that?" Night Lyric growled, backing toward the grotto Toothless had accommodated for her. "I've never seen a Stormcutter up close before.." she added and hesitated from retreating.

Before the Alpha could introduce his friend, the Stormcutter intervened, "I am Cloudjumper. And you must be Night Lyric. Toothless has been speaking of you."

Night Lyric narrowed her eyes, but Toothless could have sworn she flushed. "Has he now."

"I assure you, ma'am, it is all good." He turned to Toothless. "Everyone is worried. Skullcrusher tried to track you, but it seems like your scent has been clouded."

Both Night Fury's stared at each other, the same thought flashing through their minds.

The mud.

"Toothless?" Hiccup's voice resonated again, this time closer.

His optics flashed toward Cloudjumper. "I'll be with you in a few minutes. Could you-"

"On it," he replied, winking as he took off.

Night Lyric turned back to him with amusement. "Talking about me, eh?"

His cheeks heated. "Your another Night Fury. Berk has never seen another one..."

"Uh huh," she snorted. It was as she never recounted the small part of her history. Toothless knew with no doubt she'd flinch again if he tried to near without an important reason.

She searched him with keen scrutiny before turning to the cavern, a wince spreading across her face.

"Let me help," he stated, stepping forward.

The female lifted her head. "Thank you, but I do not need your guidance." She staggered forward, seeming to be managing fine.

Disappointment seeped into his expression and he turned away, bounding to where he had heard his rider.

"Toothless!" Hiccup shouted when he spotted him. With his arms extended, he squeezed Toothless's neck into a hug. "I'm sorry for snapping at you, bud, but you should know not to attack other dragons without reason." His tight slackened, the Night Fury's eyes were wide with surprise.

So he wasn't angered at him after all!

His tongue licked his cheek, assuring him not be worried. Hiccup took a step back, a wide grin spread across his face. His eyes switched to his paw. "How is that feeling?"

"Fine," he said, sharing the smile.

"She looks really pretty." A voice echoed behind him, catching both the black dragon's and human's attention. "Cloudjumper!" he scoffed, glaring at the dragon as he stared at him with a cheerful attitude. A wry grin spread across the Stormcutter's maw as he watched Toothless's look. "I do not like her!"

Hiccup waved his hands. "Is Valka nearby?"

"Yes." One of his four wings pointed to the west. Hiccup nodded, though instead of mounting Toothless he mentioned him forward.

>Toothless followed, his ears flattened against his head. He almost had forgotten that his paw hadn't healed yet. Shaking his head, he followed him as the moon rose higher into the air.<p>

* * *

><p>Days followed slowly. Toothless visited Night Lyric at dawn and at sunset. Already her wounds were healing. The Night Fury had continued to spy on Mace, looking for any signs of aggression on the human's part. So far, he was acting like a normal Viking, meeting others of the village.<p>

Vanquisher on the other paw was no where to be seen. It was as if he had vanished ever since Toothless attacked him. It sent a guilty thrill of satisfaction threw him. After all, he did send those Monstrous Nightmares after Night Lyric... But under who he guessed was Mace's orders.

Maybe Mace was like an Alpha and had put his dragons under a spell just like the Bewilderbeast had...

He shook himself. He mustn't let weak thoughts fill him if he were to confront Vanquisher again. His slow pace brought him upon the Training Academy. He hoped Hiccup would be there since he had disappeared early in the morning with a word. Instead, he was greeted by the dragon hatchlings and their young human companions.

"Toothless!" One of the little Monstrous Nightmares exclaimed, his eyes bulging. "I mean Alpha! Are you going to mentor us for today?" One of the human cubs raced forward, an excited grin spread across her face.

"Sadly, no," he stated, wondering why they were even here if none of the teachers were around. Something brown caught his eye. Meatlug scrambled forward.

"Hey, Alpha!" she said with her usual positive tone. "How are you today?" He peered down, looking for the girl who had been standing a couple feet away from him to see she had ran up to join with her Monstrous Nightmare. The young dragon flushed fiercely as he noticed Meatlug had noted that he had asked Toothless to be their mentor when obviously she had been teaching them.

"Good and you?"

"Great, but Fishlegs is late again," she grumbled with affection. "Everyone else is late instead of these two." She mentioned with one of her massive paws. "I can expect why everyone would be late.. But Fishlegs must be flirting with Ruffnut again."

Her eyes rolled. "That human of mine." Toothless went back to staring at the two companions and had to admit, those two little youngsters staring as they talked were pretty adorable.

"Ah yes." Meatlug glanced back over her shoulder. "Cute aren't they? They just started training."

"I see," he purred. Toothless waved a wing. "I'll be seeing you. I'm trying to find Hiccup."

"Wait!" Meatlug suddenly called after him, her eyes widening as if she had remembered something. "Have you been sick lately? You keep vanishing.."

Thank the gods Cloudjumper was a good secret keeper.

"Yes." He hated lying to Meatlug. She was one of gently soul. But what else could he do to prevent them from finding Night Lyric? It had been five days since she'd met Cloudjumper and the Stormcutter had continued visiting on Toothless's orders. Already Night Lyric trusted the Stormcutter and something had sliced through his chest.

Jealousy.

He chased the disturbing thoughts away and dipped his head.

"Oh, alright. You haven't been active in the Academy... Oh and by the way, Hiccup was talking to Eret."

"It's time for me to go. Thanks for the tip." He pushed past Meatlug.

"One more thing."

Again he was stalled at the urgency in her voice.

"I heard what you did to Vanquisher-"

Before he could retort she went on, "Just be careful with Mace. I scent bad things on him."

"Of course," he snapped curtly. He hadn't meant to be rude, but the subject about him 'attacking an 'innocent' dragon' was starting to get on his nerves.

Not bothering to look at the hurt that flashed in the Gronkle's eyes, he padded on angling his trot toward the marina.

Usually they had talks there. Eret was a traveler with Skullcrusher-Stoic's former dragon.

Toothless winced at the name. The dragon had still not forgiven him for killing off his rider.

He slowed down, his paws coming to an easy trot. The sea looked a bit stormy from his vantage point as he scanned the area for his rider.

Nothing.

The Night Fury was close to turning around to find another clearing where his rider might be, but his voice touched his ears like a soft chant.

A low excited grumble escaped his maw as he leaped forward, obliterating the space between him and his rider.

The bulky outline of Skullcrusher came into sight as he barreled past, tackling Hiccup into a bear-like hug.

"Whoa there, bud!" he managed as Toothless licked his face. "What's gotten into you?"

He responded, shaking his tail and looking blankly at the sky, though before he could say anything, the drawling voice of Skullcrusher drew his attention.

"Do you have any source of formality?" he snorted. "Just look at you."

The sense of aggression must have roused Eret as he pulled him back. "Skullcrusher, behave," he ordered.

The Rumblerhorn shoved him off as he glared at Toothless.
>"First you kill my rider, and then you try to kill another of my species? What a great Alpha you turned out to be. More like Draco's

Bewilderbeast!"<p>

A fire lit up in the black dragon's heart as his lips were drawn back to expose his teeth.

"Whatâ€¦ Didâ€¦ Youâ€¦ Justâ€¦ Say?"

Before he could snap, Hiccup pushed his way between them. "That's enough," he said at both, receiving scoffing looks.

Toothless's urge to go flying was ceased as he gave another venomous look to the Rumblehorn.

"Your dragon seems to have gotten aggressive since he became Alpha," Eret observed.

Hiccup paused and sighed. "Maybe that's itâ€¦ He just wants to show his dominance."

Toothless's heart sank. "I wish you could understand dragon," he muttered.

He ignored Skullcrusher's snicker and pointed to the sky with a wing before going into a playful bow.

"You want to fly?" Hiccup asked and his eyes fell across his injured paw.

"Noâ€¦ Valka said you couldn't fly until she says so. Has she checked on it?"

The black beast shifted impatiently and nodded.

"Did she say you could?"

He bit his lower lip. "No," he grumbled, shaking his cranium.

Hiccup stared at him as if in pity. "Well sorry, bud. I can't ride you then."

Moaning in protest, he glared at the staring Eret and Skullcrusher as if daring them to say anything. With that, he trotted off, looking much more irritated than usual.

* * *

><p>"Toothless!"<p>

Night Lyric's ears perked as she spotted him. At least she wasn't unhappy to see him, which boosting up his morale.

The elegant female struggled to her paws and limped toward him, her optics glinting with excitement. "The Stormcutter told me this amazing story!"

>He ceased the urge to let out a growl. "Did he now.."<p>

Night Lyric went on, "Cloudjumper is just so awesome! He reminds me of someone I use to know."

The black Night Fury coughed and cleared his throat. "Could I check

on your wounds?"

She nodded, but the glint of awe was still sparkling in her eyes. His day had gotten a whole lot worse.

His paws worked there way along the cotton and froze. He had never put cotton...

"Oh! Cloudjumper put a salve on my gashes to prevent infection and a softer substance."

>Anger and disbelief rose around Toothless, making his cheeks flush.<p>

"Toothless, you alright?"

"Just fine... You did know cotton was made from humans, right?"

"Of course." Her tone was more of a chuckle as he examined him. "No seriously Toothless, did something happen?"

He jerked his paw violently, cuffing it around his ear to ease a itch that had started there. "O-Of course," he muttered. It was difficult to hold in his anger. At least he got to lower his head as he scratched.

Night Lyric perked up at this and spun around. "You think Cloudjumper likes me?"

At this his head jerked up in alarm and he whirled to face her. What did she mean by that?

"I... I don't know," he stated, holding the temptation to fly to the Stormcutter and personally shouting at him. But then again, that won't be fair... After all...

>His eyes shut as he heard her sigh of contempt.<p>

"You really think..." she started. The black dragon whirled to confront her, his green eyes glinting.

"No. I really don't think he likes you. After all, you are a thief." As soon as the words left his mouth, he regretted them.

The shock and hurt in her eyes made him cringe as she stumbled backward as if receiving a physical blow.

"I thought you were different," she hissed. "I thought-I thought... I could trust you!" Then in a murmur she added, "You out of all dragons..." She shoved her face close to his, her honeysuckle breath right on his nostrils. Her eyes narrowed to slits, but he saw something that made his heart stop.

Tears.

Dragons never shed tears unless it was something extremely sorrowful or extraordinarily joyous.

Night Lyric staggered toward her den, the female dragon's optics glittering as she clenched her teeth.

"Night Lyric!" he called. He hadn't meant to say any of it. He was

just so angered she had favored Cloudjumper over him...

"Don't even," she growled-though her voice cracked as she said this-and vanished inside the cavern, leaving Toothless to stare in guilt and pain.

8. Chapter 8

Greetings readers :D! I hope you enjoy chapter 8! Remember to review if you have a chance :3.

* * *

><p>That night, the black dragon was restless. His thoughts kept straying to when he had shouted at Night Lyric. He winced, reciting his words in his head.
It had been cruel to bring up her past that she had trusted him with. Now it seemed as if he was using it against herâ€|

The dearth amount of moonlight streamed faintly through the window, hardly illuminating the room. It was almost how he was feeling at the moment. Dark and gloomy.

His cranium thudded back onto his paws as he tried to pacify his anger.

>Why had he said that terrible thing? He could tell she was beginning to warm up to him. It was sort of the same relationship he had had with Hiccup. One wrong step and they'd have to return to the start of their trust.
There was just one problem.

He doubted that he could ever gain he trust.

Toothless's thoughts went back to her marred wing. Another question occurred to him. When was her wing going to heal?

She had already made it clear that immediately after it had cured, she'd leave.

His ears drooped. The first time in years and he had witnessed another Night Fury, which now-probably because of him-was going to leave when the only thing grounding her allowed her to take off.

Surprisingly, a new imagine filled him. That first time they had met on the beach. Her supercilious face when she had learned that he was the Alpha.

A low laugh went through him at her facial expression. So seriousâ€| He sighed. And so perfectâ€|

Why had he destroyed the only chance they had together?

She likes Cloudjumper, he thought bitterly. That only exacerbated him.

Cloudjumperâ€| Why him?

He knew that the Night Fury had had troubles with his family in the past, but he had no part in it! He had already been shot down by

Hiccup in the timeline.

With an incensed huff he managed a sitting position, his wary optics scanning the room.

With a lax step, his paw met an unstable plank, allowing a creaking noise to follow. It resonated around the room, though it seemed not to disturb Hiccup and at the moment, he could care less if it did.

>It wasn't as he was having issues with Astrid. They were practically already partners.<p>

However, before he departed the room he swiveled his head to the right looking toward the window.

>At least there wasn't any inclement weather at the momentâ€¦ But his senses did detect a storm on the way.<p>

He snapped back to the task at paw. He was going to make it up to Night Lyric one way or the other.

As he lowered himself down the stares the unsubtle, solicitous amber optics of the Stormcutter came into view.

Toothless flashed an acrimonious glance at him as he made his way to the door.

Cloudjumper's elusive form shifted as he shuffled both his wings in puzzlement. His amber stare was intimidating as he searched the Night Fury as if he were an innocuous cub. Of course, with the daunting stare that Toothless had given him he chose not to speak.

Toothless looked back at him once more, his optics registering his look of confusion with his own distaste. How could he not know? An urge to speak to him lucidly crept into his throat leaving behind a foul taste in his maw. He quickly pushed it down, slipping through the door and out into the open.

It was windier than he had expected and dark, ominous looking clouds gathered in the distance.

>Flashes of pure white light blurred his vision and he was forced to look away. Lightning never had been his favorite element.
He abruptly glimpsed a golden flower blooming. It was no other than a Moonflower!

>Its pollen leaked out, sparkling like golden jewels.
Did Night Lyric like flowers?

He was about to step forward but his acoustics suddenly ringed as he caught the sound of wing-beats overhead. For a moment he had a picture of Cloudjumper tagging behind him to ask what was wrong, but as he turned he spotted shades of blue.

The Deadly Nadder landed in front of him, bowing with respect.

"Alpha!" she purred, straightening from her hunched over position. Toothless noted with a strange hint of surprise that it was lower than usual.

"I haven't seen you in so long!" she went on, seeing him not respond. "Where have you been?"

>The credulous look on his face made him feel guilty as he said, "Around... Y'know, doing stuff with Hiccup."<p>

The Deadly Nadder suddenly rolled her eyes. "Same with my rider. I don't know why they are taking so long to become partners." Something glinted in her eyes as she looked at him.

>"Isn't that right?"<p>

An awkward feeling started in his stomach and he got the thought she wasn't only talking about their humans.

>He suddenly hesitated, aware of the sudden nausea that rose in his throat.<p>

She actually did like him, but how did he not notice? No. He had noticed and he had liked her in return. Not the typical like of a friend. More than that. But he had met Night Lyric... And everything changed.

>His optics now didn't try to search her emotions. It was if they stared past her, to another dragon. Another one in particular.<p>

"Yeah... Very right," he stated, his words sounding jumbled as he took a step back.

>Stormfly's ebullient smile ebbed.<p>

"Is there something wrong?"

Why couldn't life be simple? The Night Fury cringed hearing the worry in her tone.

>"No, of course not," he sighed dwindling the sense of guilt rising with the urge to vomit. "I'm just tired that's all."<p>

"Ah alright," Stormfly murmured, her eyes becoming filled with abhorrence. "You haven't spotted that Night Fury, yes? I heard its trying to kill the dragons."

The way she said it seemed to activate a source of protectiveness for he let out a small hiss. The Deadly Nadder examined him a dubious look. "What is it?"

"Nothing," he grumbled. "How do you know she going to kill the dragons?"

"Vanquisher told me," she said. "The one you..." She shook her head, looking at him. "You really didn't, did you? There's been a lot of gossip about that subject."

"Not that again!" he snarled. "Not you too! This subject is not one I like talking about." His spines increased their lighting, almost throwing off a blinding glow. With a softer voice he said, "Anything but you."

Stormfly nodded to him. "Of course, Alpha."

"And don't call me that!"

The female dragon resumed her grin. The grass galore swished around his paws as a rather violent wind ripped through the area.

>An idea crept into his mind and he quickly stated, "It's getting stormy. How about you head back to your home?"<p>

"And you?"

"I'll be fine." He mentioned toward his own resting place which was about several dragon bounds away. "In a matter of fact, I'll walk you."

A gaily look passed through her as he playfully shouldered her. At least he could pretend... However, he felt as if he were betraying Night Lyric. But how could he be doing so? After all, she had seemed to chose Cloudjumper as her favorite.

>Suddenly, he spotted a devious look cross her eyes. Or was it just his imagination?
He gamboled away toward her cottage, shrugging off the wary feeling that crept up his spine. The look he thought he saw reminded him of Vanquisher. His gibes were still in his head.

Stormfly fell into step beside him, her large shadow seeming to loom over him. He snapped a look at her, but she wasn't staring at him. Instead she was peering at her rider's cottage.

"I feel like guzzling some fish," she said with a chuckle. "Would you like to join me."

>His spinal spikes seemed to bright up in anxiousness. What was she playing at?

"No.. No thank you," he confirmed.

"I insist," she persisted.

"I said no," he retorted impetuously. He hadn't meant to, but a source of certainty rouse in her optics.

"Of course, Alpha," she mused coolly-all sense of docile playfulness gone. She rotating her tail. He tensed, imagining her spines shooting into his flesh... But of course, she made no other sign in attack.

"Well, we are here," he stated.

"Indeed," she muttered coldly. "Well I thank you again, Alpha. Would you mind we talk tomorrow?"

"Of course! How does-"

"Four nights from now.."

Toothless faltered. Everyone was asleep at night... He shook his head. Why was he doubting her? Why had he suddenly become wary? After all, she was his best friend!

"Fine by me," he laughed, trying to relax. But as much as he tried, he could not.

"Good night my intrepid Alpha," she crooned, becoming herself again. As if her icy tone had just vanished.

"To you to as well."

She waved her wing as if in an irked way before squeezing inside the

window. He always had wondered how she could fit. Stormfly wasn't exactly a small dragon.

He glanced overhead, the moon's lacteal rays reflecting his green hued eyes. Toothless still had time. Shaking his head and looking suspiciously back toward where Stormfly had settled, he went off toward his own den.

His now languid steps brought him over to the flower he had seen. It was strange how such a beautiful thing had just appeared, but nonetheless he leaned down and clipped it with his teeth.
>He really did hope Night Lyric enjoyed flowers. The anticipation to make things right with her burned in his chest as he raised his head to check which direction the storm was coming.<p>

It was closer then he had expected, but it would still take a while to come and with his lithesome speed he could easily make it to the Cove.

Toothless clenched his teeth around the stem, the golden, luminous pollen continuing to billow out onto the ground. As he watched, he noted that as soon as the 'pollen' made contact with the ground, the blade of grass would scorch.
>He frowned. Now that he thought of it, weren't Moonflowers white?<p>

He shrugged and padded toward the forest, the all too familiar path sliding into place. Everything was mediocre until an extraordinary voice rang in his ears.
>The mellifluous sound drifted on the wind, making him stumble in awe. He knew exactly who was singing.<p>

Toothless just stood there mesmerized as the melodious and flawless music lingered in his ears.
>He skidded to a halt, overlooking the large loch. Beside it, sitting down and humming a beautiful tone was Night Lyric.<p>

The black Night Fury paused, suddenly becoming exposed to the moon's light. He felt the flower reopen, spilling its strange substance.

>As if his very presence had disrupted her singing, she just stopped. Her head jerked in his direction and she growled, turning to leave.<p>

"Wait!" he called with much more ferocity then he had planned, leaping down into the sunken chasm-like structure. He landed hard letting out a hiss of pain as agony exploded into his injured paw.

At that, Night Lyric was beside him. He lifted his paw and cringed yet again, but her palatial essence seemed to soothe him.

"I'm okay."

Night Lyric turned away with a dark look. "Good," she retorted. "I wouldn't have liked to cleaned up a dead dragon's body anyway."

"I'm sorry," he blurted.

Night Lyric continued to look in the opposite direction.

"Please Night Lyric... I only said those things..."

"Why?" A new edge crept into her voice as she rounded on him. She got to her paws and slunk away.

"...I only said those things because I was jealous!" he yelled after her.

At what he said made her freeze. He neared her, dropping and nudging the flower toward her.

"A Fireflower," she breathed, then glared at him. "Why would you be jealous?"

"I thought... I think... You like Cloudjumper... And I kind of..." He trailed off, spotting her expression of bewilderment.

"I don't like Cloudjumper. I mean, I don't love him or anything. I just think he's good friend." She continued to stare at him. "Why ever would I fall in love with a dragon beyond my age?"

How dumb could he have been? Of course the Stormcutter was older than her! Why hadn't he thought of that? He felt peccant for treating Cloudjumper like he had. Of course he hadn't had time to as Night Lyric went on.

"But if you were jealous that you thought I loved Cloudjumper that only can mean..."

>His cheeks warmed up peevishly as she continued to stare at him.<p>

"Yes," he muttered. "I do like you. A lot."

"Why couldn't you have just said it?" she demanded suddenly with venom that made him flinch.

>She picked up the flower perfunctorily and studied it gingerly in her claws.<p>

"I..." he faltered. He didn't understand. He knew he had said something that he wished he could just erase, but he was apologizing.

"You saved me," she interjected. "You healed me." She stared at him. "And all the while you hid your feelings?"

"Well... No... I-"

"I'm a... a lower rank. Nothing to do with royalty. This could never work."

His heart thudded painfully against his chest as she peered again at the flower and went back to examining the Alpha.

>"I could make it work!" he murmured. Her placid optics looked sorrowfully at him and she quickly pulled away.<p>

"Toothless... I could never... I'm just a plebeian dragon..." She shook her head. "I'm... I'm..." She stared at him with panic. "I thought when you had said that I was just a thief you were pushing me away. Toothless, I am a... They are-"

"No, you are not a thief. To me, you are amazing!" He felt so powerless in this situations. He could never force her to like him the way he did.

"I don't want to hurt you," she suddenly shouted, clawing at the earth. "Please. Just go away."

"No Night Lyric! I can help you." He bounded toward her but she snarled. "I hate you! I HATE YOU SO MUCH."
>Toothless skidded to a halt, registering her expression. It was if she didn't mean, but a sudden chasm opened in his heart.<p>

Thunder rolled as he skidded to a halt staring at her.
"What...?"

Tears rolled down her cheeks and she hissed again, "I hate you. I NEVER want to see you in this Cove again." Night Lyric turned around and vanished into her den, leaving the Fireflower crushed at his feet.

* * *

><p>"Bud, why aren't you eating?"<p>

It was the following morning and Toothless had refused to touch his food as he stared at the wall.
>Today, the protuberant sack filled with fish did not catch his attention. He just continued to gaze, his pugnacious attitude toward Cloudjumper dispersing as the colossus dragon fell in beside him.<p>

"Mind to tell me what's wrong, Alpha?"

He winced as he eased some edge into the word 'Alpha.'

"Toothless," he corrected the Stormcutter, not bothering to look up at him. He felt his hot breath as Cloudjumper leaned beside him. "Are you alright? You were acting strange last night and now... You won't eat."

He felt Hiccup's presence disappear. Probably to fetch Valka.

>Toothless refused to reply.
"Your eyes radiate so much rancor and pain... Something has happened." The sympathy in his voice made him turn to met his ardent and concerned amber eyes. How could he ever doubted him?

"She hates me," he murmured. "I thought she favored you as a mate... She..." His voice cracked and he resumed to stare at the wall.

"Is that why you were angered last night?" he asked. It was more of amusement, but melted back to seriousness. "She hates you? I don't understand..."

He took a breath. "I told her... That she was a..." He hesitated. He wasn't about to reveal one of her secrets, even though she had made it clear she hated him.
>"You told her..." he prompted.<p>

"I told her I was in love with her and she told me it would never work.. And then she told me she hated me and..." He drifted off, cringing as he remembered the shocking scene.

Cloudjumper huffed with knowingly. "I see. Toothless, you must be ravenous. It won't help if you don't eat."
>"I don't feel like eating," he muttered. "Cloudjumper... I'm placing you in charge of Night Lyric's health."<p>

"Of course," the dragon said. "But at the moment I am worried for your own health."

"Don't be," the Night Fury muttered. As soon as he said that, the door swung open revealing Valka and Hiccup.
>"..And he won't eat," he was saying as his mother leaned down beside the black beast.<p>

She examined Toothless closely, gingerly brushing her hand around his face. Her palm messaged his cheeks and she nodded.

"We cannot help him," she sighed. Hiccup snapped his full attention toward his mother. Toothless felt panic roll off his rider.
>"What do you mean?"<p>

She stood up. "He's heartbroken."

"Heartbroken?" Hiccup echoed. Toothless's regality ebbed as Hiccup neared him. He felt like throwing himself onto his human and expressing how he felt. Of course, humans didn't know how to speak dragon.

"What of?"

"I am uncertain about that," she sighed, leaning against Cloudjumper and holding her face in her palms.

"Maybe Stormfly rejected him," Hiccup guessed.
>The sound of the Deadly Nadder's name made his ear twitch. That was almost the only dragon who hadn't given up on him and here Hiccup was hunching that she had dumped him.<p>

"I haven't seen him with Stormfly and what Astrid has said they have been practicing everyday for the Dragon Races. It must have been another dragon."

Toothless had only caught the 'Dragon Races' part and he jolted his head up. He had totally forgotten. The thought of it regaled him slightly, but otherwise he continued to be in his sorrowful state.

"Then who?"

"I cannot figure that out by looking into his gaze," Valka sighed. "Cloudjumper knows though. I can tell by his body language." She nodded and scratched her hand under his chin.
>His resplendent spines seemed to glow brighter as he lowered his chin further.<p>

"It's alright bud." Hiccup slid underneath his chin, messaging it like Valka had. "I am still here for you."

"Indeed," he responded with a crestfallen croon.
>Cloudjumper nudged the stash filled with rife fish. "You need to eat."<p>

He turned his muzzle away from the scent of cod. His reverence receded to the corner of his mind. He just couldn't get the scene out of his head. He rued ever going back to apologize.

"There has to be something we can do!" His rider's voice was distant now, even though he had made a spot under his chin.

"When a dragon is trying to forget something, it cannot be helped," Valka sighed. "Dragons aren't like a ripples in a rivulet. They are much more complicated then that."

He felt Hiccup shift and ducked from under the black dragon and got up. "I know that. But maybe I could do something to make Toothless feel better... And..." He pointed worriedly. "He's not eating, like I said before."

Cloudjumper's robust format shifted and he hunched down and regurgitated his previous meal.
>"Eat," he demanded.<p>

Valka laughed. "Cloudjumper is trying to help."
>Hiccup flickered a smile, pushing Toothless gently toward the spit out cod.
Flattening his ears, he leaned down and ruminated Cloudjumper's 'offering.'

It didn't taste that bad, but as soon as he tasted it, his stomach grumbled.

"There we go," Valka said softly, grasping a slimy fish by the tail before extending his palm toward Toothless.
>He took it in his maw and guzzled it down gracefully. He licked his lips, enjoying the saline taste.<p>

"Thank you," he mumbled to both.
>The sapient dragon beside him just smiled. "It is my pleasure, Toothless."
Light crept its way into the room, signaling him it was already sun-high. The scintilla caught his attention. It was fainter then usual meaning...
>A knock at the door.<p>

Hiccup ambled to the door, peering who had tapped.
>"Astrid!" he said, grinning in a sedated way. But it was difficult to overlook the mixture of excitement in his gaze. "So... How are you?"<p>

"Good. Could I come in?"

"Sure!" Hiccup opened the door-it giving off a sibilant sound-fully, still continuing to grin. "So, what's is on your mind, Astrid?"

It was interesting how his rider was worried at one point and then excited the next. Maybe that's how it felt to have a partner.. He sighed, abjuring any more of the food they had gathered for him.

>He could have been together with Night Lyric... But she had pushed

him away.<p>

"Welcome, Astrid," Valka said softly.

"Thank you, Valka." Astrid inclined her head as if in a bow and then glanced at Toothless. "What's with Toothless?"

>The passion in her voice warmed him, but his gaze was yet again fixed on the wall.<p>

"He's depressed. We think that Stormfly didn't accept him as a mate or something and now he won't eat. He was eating just a second ago. What's wrong bud?"

>Toothless merely looked away, not wanting to meet his rider's gaze.<p>

"Well, I have been training Stormfly for some weeks now. This must have been recent, so it couldn't have been her... Unless they were out at night."

"Probably. He's been like this since this morning."

As all three humans talked, Cloudjumper leaned down and murmured, "Why did you stop eating? You have to consume something, Toothless. You are our Alpha now, Alphas protect their dragons, not worry about something in the past."

"I doubt you know how it is to feel a heartache," Toothless muttered. "And just seeing Hiccup so happy with Astrid makes me think of her. Night Lyric is not the only thing I think about... There's Stoic..."

"That was an accident," he told him sharply.

Toothless focused on Cloudjumper. "I could have tried hard enough. If Stoic never jumped in the way..." He slumped onto the ground, covering his paws over his head. "I could have killed Hiccup."

"You were under influence," the Stormcutter retorted.

He ignored his words. "There is nothing you can say to quench the sin I committed," he murmured. "It is as if I loose pieces of my heart every sunrise."

>Toothless looked sideways, averting his gaze. "Night Lyric must be hungry at this time.." It was more of a dismissive statement.<p>

"Of course."

Cloudjumper made his way through his rider, leaning down and rubbing his face against hers before slipping out into the still opened door.

"There he goes," Valka whispered and turned to Toothless. "What did you tell him to do?" Her voice was not angered, just filled with curiosity.

>The Night Fury refused to reply even though it was obvious she couldn't understand nonetheless.<p>

"Mace would like to take part in the Dragon Racing, by the way," Astrid suddenly butted in. An acrid taste rose in Toothless's throat. They had to be kidding.

"Sure thing. With his dragon?"

Astrid gave him a playful punch on the shoulder. "What else could he fly with?"

Valka crossed her arms. "I am wary of Mace. Cloudjumper senses malice in him."

"It's just until he finds this Night Fury," Hiccup explained. "Until then, he has to stay here." Toothless's rider's eyes brightened and he rubbed his palm fiercely over his ridged head. "Maybe that would cheer him up!"

This aggravated the dragon and he snapped at his rider, his teeth bared. It had only been a warning, but he watched Hiccup stumble with shock.

>"Sorry," he said, lowering his head in a sort of submission.<p>

"A possible idea," Valka started. "He may have already met this other Night Fury if there were any."

Hiccup clasped his hands together, ridding himself from the grime on the floor as he sent an assuring glance toward Astrid.

>Toothless shook his head. Judging by how he nearly grasped Hiccup's hand in his maw he knew his affable attitude was gone. For now anyways.<p>

Another whimper followed. How about he had hurt him?

"I'm alright, bud," Hiccup sighed, lifting his hand. Like he had did so many times before, he felt his head lift to make contact with the human's warm palm.

>His rider grinned at him.<p>

"Just an accident."

"I can see he's annoyed," Astrid suddenly said, crouching beside the Night Fury. She glanced at his marred paw.

"Has it healed yet?"

Valka shook her head, also kneeling beside Toothless. "No, not yet... But soon though..." He felt her rest her hand onto his paw and with a sudden motion she squeezed.

>He let out a grumble, but otherwise it did not pain him.<p>

"Soon enough to fly?" Hiccup prompted. "Maybe that would cheer him up! Isn't that right bud?"

Toothless finally shifted to look at him, the life in his eyes blazing. "Maybe." But really, in his mind, he knew the wind against his face... Billowing against his wings... Cold... Fresh... Flying would definitely help him.

"And we have to practice for the Dragon Races," Hiccup continued, eyeing both the female humans with a sort of mischief. "Toothless and I will beat you both."

Astrid rolled her eyes. "As if. Your dragon hasn't even trained

yet."

Valka smiled. "She does have a point. Somewhat. What she is trying to say is Cloudjumper and I will win." She winked at Toothless, whom snorted at her.

"I am pretty sure we will win," he announced, bounding over to his companion.

Hiccup smiled. "I think just the competition cheered him up!"

At least his anhydrous heart was filling slightly again. Though of course, there were gaps. Gaps that he couldn't fill unless he could make things right. But he knew that could never happen.

"When can we start flying again, then?"

"Maybe tomorrow," Valka said with a smile. "But you have to take it easy on the landing."

"Of course. Well bud, how does early in the morning sound?"

Toothless pictured Night Lyric once more in his head before lashing his tail, nodding his head excitedly.

"So in four more days it begins, yes?" Hiccup questioned, wanting assurance from Astrid.

>She nodded and smiled. "Yes it does."<p>

An ominous feeling crept into his spine. Four days for the Dragon Racing... And four days until Stormfly was going to meet up with him...

>Was it just a coincidence?<p>

He thought harder. Now that he thought of it, not everyone would be asleep. Usually once the dragon races were finished all the humans-at night-would gather to congratulate the champions while allowing the dragons to fly on their own.

>A good distraction... But for what?<p>

He shook his head violently. Stormfly was his friend! She would never do anything to hurt him... Right?

9. Chapter 9

Look! A new chapter :D! So, guys, I have been thinking about a cover. Any ideas? Like I was thinking about a shattered heart, but then I thought it was too original. So if you have any ideas PM me please :3? Anyways, enjoy and **remember to review :)!**

* * *

><p>Putting on a bellicose look, he marched beside Hiccup toward one of the cottages that now sent shivers of agitation down his spine.<p>

"Now remember," Hiccup started, a serious frown started in his soft facial features. "No attacking his dragon alright?"

>The black dragon had an aloof attitude toward Mace and his 'dragons' but still, he couldn't allow Mace to be alone with his rider.

Ever.

>As much as he hated accepting the term of not attacking Vanquisher even if he did provoke him, Toothless nodded. Other Alphas would have refused and snarled at whoever had said it, but Hiccup was his rider and for his sake he'd have to assure him he wouldn't be attacking anyone.<p>

"Good," his human said with a firm nod. It was if he was ridding himself of a doubt, which Toothless guessed he was.

Hiccup extended his hand, balled them, and tapped them against the door. A nearby arbor rustled in the wind as the door rustled.

>Toothless's shoulders tensed as the face of Mace peered out. "Why hello!" he started, glancing at Toothless. Was it just him or did he see greed flash in those puny, black eyes?<p>

His thoughts were interrupted when an ambrosial scent wreathed out of the house, making his salvia run more than usual.

Hiccup seemed unaware of his sudden desire to see what was inside as he said, "Don't worry, Toothless won't bite. Right bud?" The Night Fury shuffled his wings and nodded with an irritated growl. Mace took this as aggression and flinched back into his house. His ashen face rose back into color as he pushed the door, holding well... A mace.

Toothless growled at the weapon, feeling the urge to blast it, but then the aroma floated into his nose again.

What is that...? He thought to himself, glancing around for anything brewing.

"Toothless doesn't like any type of object that could potentially hurt a dragon," his rider explained. "Or else he'll blast it out of your hand." Mace flickered back to glance at the black dragon his eyes again sparking with avidity.

"Very well," he muttered almost seeming casual as he dropped the weapon. It clattered to the ground.

Hiccup clasped his hands together. "So, I heard you would like to enter the Dragon Races while you are hear looking for your dragon?"

"Why can you look who hasss come..." An eerily familiar voice resonated from behind him. A bestial feeling flourished to life in his heart. He looked to his right, confronting Vanquisher with an equally belligerent facial expression.

He raised his chin, the humans' voices sounding distant as he glared at the green dragon. There was no blithesome attitude between the two dragons.

>With a boorish sneer Vanquisher stated, "Me and Mace are beyond faster then what those stubby wingsss can hold."<p>

Toothless took a deep breath trying to retain himself from browbeating him. He had promised Toothless not to attack and that

included words.

"What? Scared to talk?" A haughty laugh came from his maw as he stared mockingly at the black beast.

He continued to glare at Vanquisher, but still ignoring his words.

"You sure are one caitiff dragon," the Rumblehorn went on, eyeing him tensely.

Finally, Toothless spoke. His words were soft but intimidatingly cold. "I sure saw that when I attacked you."

"You had the start of surprissse," Vanquisher snorted in disgust.

"Hmm, my bad," Toothless growled casually, his spines glowing. His digits clinked on the wooden floor as he studied the Rumblehorn for any sign of weakness. Just in case he were to attack... He shook his head. He was allowing his cholerick side to take over. No. He promised his rider he wouldn't attack.

Vanquisher's wings extended in disdain. "Watch it, Night Fury."

As he opened his wings, Toothless spotted a large wound at the exact same place Night Lyric had had hers. He had never inflicted such a gash. And why at the same position? The cognizant wound drew his attention until he was caught staring.

Immediately the Rumblehorn shut his wings, narrowing his eyes.

Toothless pointed with a talon. "That gash. Where did it come from?"

"That is none of your concern," he snarled. It was now his turn to play the defensive.

"It is at the same spot Night Lyric had hers." As soon as he brought up her name, the Rumblehorn's ear twitched in surprise.

"How would you know that?"

"I helped her when your minions ambushed," he snapped.

"Ah yesss. I recall it... For someone who healed her, I am quite surprised she hasn't told you about her _entire _life."

At this, Toothless's stood erect. "How would you know anything?"

Before he could reply, Hiccup's voice rang loud in his head. "Toothless, we are leaving!"

He conceded to his rider's words, slinking away from Rumblehorn to his side.

"Goodbye, _pet,"_ Vanquisher snickered behind him as Hiccup pushed through the door. With that, they entered the fresh air.

Toothless crooned at Hiccup, prodding him for what he had talked about. Part of him had felt guilty for not listening and the other part wondered what Vanquisher had spoke of. For now, that was not important.

Instead, Hiccup stated, "Were you befriending that Rumblehorn? You need to make friends with that species. You keep having troubles with Skullcrusher. Are Rumblehorns like Whispering Deaths or something?"

His culpable gaze turned into one of irritation. The topic about the Whispering Death had always been sensitive on him. He could still remember that awful day.. He broke away from that and snorted at the idea of becoming friends with a Rumblehorn. The two that he knew had already made his respect for their species drop to almost nothing. A growl broke from his throat. Not a warning but just to tell his rider that he denied the 'befriending' part.

"So is that a no?"

His head veered to glare at him giving his human the message, 'what do you think?'

Hiccup rubbed behind his ear, allowing him to croon in response. As soon as he started, Hiccup stopped abruptly crouching down to examine something. Toothless peered over his shoulder spotting a closed eccentric flower. Minute specks of what he thought was dust accumulated on his nose. Smoke billowed into the air but it had a sweet tang giving him a feeling of ecstasy. It was a Fireflower. And now that he recalled, it was the same scent he had smelled in Mace's hut.

"Why this is interesting..." Hiccup stated, snapping the stem delicately and raising it to inspect. Immediately he dropped it, clutching his hand. It also snapped Toothless out of his dreamy thoughts.

The Night Fury growled, blasting the flower with a Plasma Blast, leaving the patch of grass scorched.

"I'm alright," he heard his rider say as he flapped his right hand where the flower must have burnt him. "But I have never seen something like that." His face came into a scowl. "Do you remember those flowers that made you ill? The one that Mildew brought?"

Toothless paused at the man's name. He actually did remember. The black dragon nodded in distaste.

"I think that these flowers could be like that... Am I right?"

Toothless observed where he had blackened the grass. The flower would have lulled him to sleep.. It was curious how he hadn't felt it when he had carried it to Night Lyric. But then again, he hadn't actually had time to smell it.

He shook his head. This could have just been a mere accident. He hadn't been sleeping well, so that could be an excuse.

"I'll look out for anymore, alright bud?" Hiccup inquired.

"Hmm," Toothless responded, getting a glimpse of green scales. Were those the...

"Ruffnut! Tuffnut!" His rider called. Toothless flashed by, skidding to an unsteady halt in front of the Hideous Zippleback, Barf and Belch.

"Alpha!" Both of them chimed. Belch glared at Barf. "I said it first!"

"No. I did," Barf retorted.

"Both of you calm down," the Alpha muttered. It was obvious the Twins had been fighting leading to turmoil of their dragon.

"Yeah, Barf, be quiet," Belch said raising his chin. "Be more mature like me."

"...Mature?!" the other head hissed, gas beginning to pour from his maw. The green smoke writhed in the air as Toothless took a step back.

>"Both of you!" he bellowed.<p>

The set of heads turned to stare at him. "Yes?" they said in unison. Their gazes met again, aggression flickered through them. The Night Fury felt a sudden urge to personally tie both maws' shut.

"What have you been doing?" As soon as he said this he knew he had spoken the wrong inquire for both started at the same time.

"Tuffnut-"

"Ruffnut-"

Each head growled. "I was starting first!" Belch claimed, his eyes narrowed.

"No I was!"

He felt his eye twitched as he watched both quarrel.

>"ENOUGH!" he roared, gaining the attention of the his rider, the twins, and the Hideous Zippleback. Hiccup blinked once and began laughing. "You see? Toothless and I enjoy almost the same things. And we dislike others. For example." He turned to the twins.

"Arguing."<p>

His spines glowed brightly making his power exceeding.

"Toothless," Hiccup cautioned as he returned his attention toward the twins. Again the humans began to expostulate, this time without any squabble.

>He hoped that he could say the same with Barf and Belch.<p>

He turned to them, noting their look of calmness. It was as if they mimicked the twins attitude. He paused. Maybe they did do that... Or was it the other way around?

>Toothless stared at them before repeating his question.<p>

"Training..." Belch started.

"For the..." Barf added.

"Dragon Races!"

Toothless cocked his head, intrigued at their sudden cooperation. How could a dragon change moods so fast? That curious question was replaced by an envious one. They got to train for the dragon races while he had to make sure his paw healed.

They both smiled slyly at him. "This time we'll win!"

He rolled his eyes. Just because he and his rider hadn't been training, didn't necessarily signify that they were going to loose. After all, who could outmatch the speed and grace of a Night Fury?

>Then again, it was more of trying to grasp something and carry it to the goal while avoiding the hungry claws of the competitors.<p>

"Barf, Belch!" Both the twins' rough voices aroused him. He watched as the now festive Hideous Zippleback followed their rider. Hiccup beckoned the Night Fury, the black dragon bounding over with great facility.

"We're going to the Training Academy." He smiled, walking after the twins.

>Toothless rolled his eyes, following his slow companion.<p>

Surprisingly, they were actually very near the Academy. It took him a moment to realize how close Mace was to it. A sense of fierce protectiveness for both human cub and hatchling overwhelmed him until it drew out a savage growl.

"You alright?" Hiccup questioned him, pausing to look over at the black being.

"Of course," he muttered, trying to obtain his cherry mood but it was of course, futile.

* * *

><p>They arrived at the arena and it surprised Toothless at the excess of humans and dragons alike whom had gathered.
The exchange of talk made his ear ring as he padded down the slope and into the arena. Why were so many cramped in this place?

Everyone ceased their chatting, turning to stare at Hiccup.

Hiccup rotated his shoulder somewhat looking uncomfortable with all the attention. His discomfort of course brought Toothless beside him. The dragon nudged him playfully against his arm, still wondering what was going on.

Taking a breath and suddenly gaining courage he spoke. "The Dragon

Races shall be split into five categories."

It dawned upon Toothless that a Dragon Race couldn't have so many dragons nor humans in it. It would just be turmoil. Instead, his rider had put in a clever idea which was already starting to make sense to the other competitors.

"So five vikings will win?" someone called out from the crowd.

Hiccup looked up and shook his head. "No. The winners from each category will face each other." He then crossed his arms. "Does everyone get it?"

"Aye!" they said in a chorus.

"Okay... So here are the categories..." Like that, Hiccup's voice drifted off as Toothless padded over to two Changewings.
>One of the dragons gnashed its teeth, glaring over at another who held a battle position.<p>

"Calm, both of you," Toothless stated. He received a surprised gaze from one of them while the other just rolled its eyes, seeming to not notice Toothless was stationed right in front of the two.
>The one who had acknowledged him winged the other he turned wide eyed to him. Both of them bowed respectfully. Then, one vanished into the air. The sour scent of fear clogged his throat as he turned toward the remaining Changewing with a confused expression.<p>

"I deeply apologies for our small quarrel and his disappearance." The dragon was still groveling at Toothless's paws.

"You... You may rise," the Night Fury said staring. Never before had a dragon kept that stance for so long.

The Changewing remained at his leaned over state and continued, "It was a s-simple mistake. We are just worked up about winning."

"You are excused?" He was so bewildered at the moment it was difficult to talk. Why was the dragon so afraid? It wasn't as if he was going to devour him for Odin's sake!
>"Thank you for the mercy, Alpha," he whispered, but still did not move from his position.<p>

Mercy...? What in the world was he talking about?

Instead he asked, "What is your name?"

"A-Acid," he stuttered.

The name echoed in his name. Acid...? Really? But then again, his name was Toothless...
>"Who is your rider?"<p>

The Changewing pointed with his wing toward a facetious looking boy who was shuffling in the dirt. He shuffled his his paws and laughed nervously. "Y-You are not going to do anything to him, right?"

What was wrong with this dragon? He watched him incredulously as it resumed to stare at the dirt.

"No I am not," he assured skeptically. "What category are you in?"

"I d-do not know," he mumbled. "Is t-that... a problem? Because I can easily go and check with my human if you like..."

"I was just curious if I am to be going against you at the same time."

"I-if we do, would you like me to loose on purpose? I can do that... Just please don't punish me if I don't..."

"What is wrong with you?" His temper suddenly snapped.

Acid squeaked in terror, disappearing into the air, leaving Toothless to wonder what in Odin's name he had done to cause fear ripple through both Changewings.

Dully, he dragged himself back to his rider's side. Hiccup's palm brushed his shoulder as he smiled at Toothless.
>"We are in category five."<p>

The last one...? Why would Hiccup want to wait until the last race?

>He gave no sign of telling Toothless as he went into a colloquy with another participant.<p>

He huffed, trying to spot Acid again, but as much as he looked he could not find the dragon. Changing tactic, he searched for his rider again. Nothing.
>Had they left?<p>

Toothless didn't have enough time to think about it when something prodded his shoulder. He shifted his gaze turning to stare at an adolescent Timberjack.

"Pardon, Alpha. Could I have a word?" He sounded apprehensive.

Toothless eyed him and nodded, "Of course!"

The Timberjack glanced nervously at a young boy. He looked filmsy and ill.

"See. My rider and I have been training so hard... And now my rider is sick and he's been getting more..." He stopped in despair, his eyes gleaming despondently.

The black dragon stared at him, the Timberjack desponding more and more.
>"You should ask Gothi."<p>

He flicked his ear remembering the elderly woman. The most interesting part of her was that she could in fact speak Dragonese. It was the sole reason she couldn't speak to any of the Vikings.

"Thank you Alpha, I will." The Timberjack backed away and returned to his rider's side, nudging him up onto his feet.

>The sorrowful scene made him look away. Swiftly, he came up to Hiccup and bumped him with a wing.<p>

His rider stopped talking to a beefy-looking man and turned to Toothless. "What is it bud?"
>He growled worriedly to the Timberjack's direction.<p>

"That's Geir," the man said, staring at Toothless's direction. "And his dragon Knut. Poor fellow, always getting sick." He crossed his arms.
>Hiccup rubbed the Night Fury's ears.<p>

"Is that what you are worried about?"

He responded with a low grunt.

"So what else about Geir?" Hiccup suddenly inquired, noting his dragon's concern.

"His family is poor, so they can't really afford any food or medicine. But when they can, it never seems to affect his health in a good way. He has always wanted to join the Dragon Races with Knut."

Half of that story made him think back to Night Lyric. Were they also thieves?

>But just looking how ill he looked made him feel pity. Was that how Night Lyric had looked; so afflicted?<p>

"Your dragon seems to have a lot of worry for that youngster," the man observed. "To catch an Alpha's attention, that's something."

Toothless grumbled as he watched some of the Vikings peering at the boy before walking away. Was this how much sympathy a boy would get? Night Lyric returned into an image in his mind and a question kept probing him: Was this how they treated her?

An impatient whine broke free from him and Knut turned to stare.

>"I want you to take him to the Great Hall," Hiccup stated.<p>

"You have my word," the man said and whistled. A massive, lacteal dragon stalked over. Toothless soon came to realize it was a Boneknapper!

"Thank you," Hiccup said. "And category three, remember that."
>The man dipped his head and walked over to Geir, his Boneknapper lagging behind.<p>

Even though humans were Hiccup's to lead, Toothless couldn't help feeling a hint of fear.
>He trailed away from Hiccup aiming his path toward the saline waters.<p>

Sickness... It was just another enemy. But how could you fight an invisible target? One that could kill you listlessly?

* * *

><p>The afternoon arrived quickly, but no concordance came to Toothless as he observed the azure shades of the ocean. Even at his high point on the crag, he could feel the salty water spray against his face.
His heart came into rhythm with the peaceful sloshing of the water, but he still couldn't bring peace into mind as he pondered what Vanquisher had meant.

>Had the Rumblehorn somehow been eavesdropping? No. He would have felt his presence... Unless...-<p>

Toothless jerked his head allowing his contemptuous thoughts to disperse from his mind.

>His wings left his flanks as he extended them. The breeze tore through the colossal set of his body and he let out a sigh. It felt good to feel something cold brush underneath the membrane of his wings.<p>

With a shake of his cranium, he folded them back, resuming his examination of the ocean. Switching his eyes off the saline liquid, he chose to glance down at his marred paw. Except it wasn't as injured, instead a nasty looking contusion had been left behind.

He nudged the black blotch, feeling pain explode into his scales. Toothless flinched and growled. If only he had been faster.. He could have avoided that Monstrous Nightmare's fangs. Again he paused. Where had the other two cunning beasts gone? Now that he thought about it, he had never seen them again and Hiccup had always said that Mace had one dragon, never three.

A roar split the air, shattering his concentration and ending the silence. Instinctively he sprang to his paws from his deponent state, his optics aglow with alarm as he checked his surroundings.

>Nothing stirred signaling a dragon's distress, but just thinking about Night Lyric the night he had saved her got him running up the slope.<p>

"Alpha!" He heard the annoyed though urgent voice of Hookfang. The dragon had never favored him becoming Alpha, but he still respected Toothless even though-in rare occasions- he'd put an edge on his title.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

>The Monstrous Nightmare tried to retain his composure, but it was obvious he was in a state of consternation.<p>

"There's a dead dragon at the center of-."

His heart raced suddenly. Toothless's mind raced to a sudden conclusion. Night Lyric..?

"Center of where?" he demanded.

An arrogant expression grew on his face much like his rider, Snotlout.

"I was going to tell you," he said icily. "Center of The Woods That Howl."

Toothless quickly calculated the length of travel of travel from where he stood to where the forest lay. Deciding on an impetuous

tactic, he leaped forward gaining speed as the landscape flashed by him in a swirl of colors.

How about it was Night Lyric? He hadn't time to ask Hookfang, but he could here the dragon trekking behind him.
>"Hey!" he heard him protest.<p>

The imminent task made his heart race. If something had killed a dragon and was now lurking in the shadows, who knows was jeopardy he was putting himself into.
>He continued on, unyielding and imprudent to Hookfang's shouts that rang distant in his ears.<p>

Toothless soon arrived to a point where he scented a putrid smell. It arouse him from his thoughts. Now wary and alarmed, he looked around trying to identify a limp body. His fear accumulated by the second. A dead body... There was usually no such thing unless a dragon had died of natural causes. But when a dragon is to die, it would usually return to a farther island then the one it was in. He should have waited until Hookfang had told him, but he couldn't stop now.

The scent of death and decay of the effluvium made his nose wrinkle, but still he pushed through the fog, his green, yellow eyes glinting. He couldn't even surmise where the carcass was for the scent was burning inside his nose. He couldn't think right as he tried to look through the misty white vapor. There was no sign of Hookfang. Either that, or Toothless was too caught up in his struggles to care.

He wished he could eradicate the odor, but for as much as he tried it did not drift away. He was getting close and the suspense blurred his vision. His heart was painfully beating against his chest as if trying to escape this terrible scene. His tail lashed, but the thick mist continued to set in. He got a creepy feeling that it was trying to trap him here... Alone...

>With the pressure of the fog nearly overwhelming him, he decided to walk forward again. He couldn't bear the image of any of his friends thrown to the ground to rot.
He slowed to a halt, something catching the corner of his eye. Turning, he spotted the corpse of a beast. His worry dissipated as he was immersed with relief, but that was soon overcome with dread.

Toothless stepped forward,-the smell unbearable- the scorching mark on the dragon's shoulder catching his eye. The steadfast black dragon froze. He went back to that night where he had saved Night Lyric and how he had attacked the younger of the dragons. Nausea burned in his stomach. It was a juvenile Monstrous Nightmare...

Combustion.

10. Chapter 10

Howdy guys! Sorry for the late update ^^ . So here we go. I love feedback and it will deeply be appreciated :D! Enjoy my faithful readers!

* * *

><p>The corpse already reeked of decay, but it was obvious the dragon had only died just recently. Already dirt had accumulated around his

scales.
Now that he had a closer view of the immobile body, he could make out that it was hardly older than himself.

All he could do was stare in dread. His heart sank. He had done this. Carefully, he began to exhume some grim from the dragon's formerly flamboyant wings.

The mellowed wind suddenly seemed to stop howling as he continued to excavate. The thought of eradicating something else made his stomach turn with nausea. It mounted to the putrid odor rising from the dragon.

But then again, it had attacked him! Had Combustion been an innocuous dragon? Just toiled by the fact he had to work for some messed up human?

Toothless's teeth clenched in a futile attempt to calm his nerves. You did this. The notion kept echoing in his head.

An exasperated voice came from deeper in the forest.

"Gah! Useless, no for good drag-" Hookfang stalled, realizing the Night Fury was just a few lengths away.

"I know it was indiscreet of me to run off," Toothless muttered, ignoring the impertinence of the dragon. At the moment, he was imperturbable.

"I just!" He looked back over to the remains of the Monstrous Nightmare. Although it was still intact, the forgotten warmth was still cold on his paws. Inarticulately, he lowered his head. None had to find out. Never.

"I know." Hookfang ventured forward, leaning his head down in an also respectful sign of peace. Then with his vigilant stare, he turned to observe the dead dragon.

With a twinge of guilt, the contrite dragon stood in front of the dead dragon.

He knew Hookfang well and in return, the dragon also knew him. Toothless knew that the Monstrous Nightmare would quickly discover the enigma of what had occurred just by viewing the scorching mark of a Plasma Blast.

With a contemptuous growl, he stared at the Night Fury. "What? We need to know what killed it to be wary in the future."

Giving a fleeting look at the limp body, he exchanged a warning glance with Hookfang.

"It would be safer if I checked."

Contumaciously, the Monstrous Nightmare took a step aggressively toward Toothless, deliberately disobeying his words-much to his dismay.

"Alpha, I do heed your words, but if I may, this is one of my own species."

He could understand his rebellious attitude, however, he still did not feel attracted to the thought of other dragons finding out.

"I do understand, but-"

"If you understood, you'd let me check on him," Hookfang snarled. It seemed as if the Monstrous Nightmare was getting to his 'Boiling Point.'

"I order you to stand back," he snapped, the tension rising into his chest making it difficult to breath. He hoped the look of desperation wasn't visible upon his face.

The Monstrous Nightmare stared at the Night Fury, obviously not deluded by the fact that he wanted to check on the dead dragon.

Suspicion crept into his amber eyes. "You don't have anything to do with thisâ€¦ Do you?"

At the inquiry, he felt as if the dragon had suddenly begun to corrode his wings.

>Hookfang didn't trust him. But then againâ€¦<p>

He glared at Hookfang-hiding his culpable emotion-before baring back his lips.

"Are you disobeying my orders?" he demanded, his Charged spines giving off a stronger glow.

Dauntlessly, the dragon inclined his head. "My apology, Alpha," he rumbled, though the edge in his voice said otherwise.

As if by magic, the tone in his voice seemed to animate the wind. It sent a draft through Toothless. Something about it sent a chill running through him.

"A storm is coming," Hookfang stated and as on cue, water deluged around Toothless's paws.

>Butâ€¦ Water didn't come from the groundâ€¦ Solely if groundwaterâ€¦<p>

Without warning, he collided into Hookfang at the same time something shoved its head from the ground.

"Great merciful Frigga," Hookfang hissed.

With quick precision, Toothless scanned the Whispering Death. He was relieved to note it was not the oneâ€¦ He knew.

His gaze switched back to where Combustion had perished. His wing was now at an awkward angle in the sudden disturbance of ground.

A rattling scream came from the dragon's maw. It was a scavenger and it had come for its meal.

The idea bore into the Night Fury. Though it made his nose wrinkle at the thought, he veered to the right, skidding his paws onto the mud.

Its lacteal, blind eyes followed every movement, however, it was interrupted as Hookfang jostled to his paws, charging in an inferno of flames.

He could only slightly discern his blurred figure as he barreled into the Whispering Death. The impact jolted the ground as Toothless watched in dismay.

>Deterred, the Whispering Death let out another roar, the thousands of lethal teeth rolling in its mouth.<p>

Hookfang allowed a roar of his own to escape his jaw, his eyes slits against the glare of the opposing dragon.

As much as he detested the thought of it he rushed to the lifeless body.

He had to push it into the gaping chasm of the Whispering Death's nest.

While Hookfang snarled and tussled with it-thus distracting him-Toothless nudged the now dilapidated figure. It shifted with his strength as he continued to push it toward the hole.

May the Gods forgive me, he thought. And may Combustion find peace.

With that silent plea, he finally managed to slip the corpse into the black pit and with that, he never saw Combustion again.

His stomach twisted with disdain. Every momentâ€¦ It made him feel dizzy.

Rejecting to look at the down at the chasm, Toothless sprung in to aid Hookfang. He skidded, solely letting out a roar, his glowing blue aura flashing.

He was Alpha. Dragons obeyed the Alpha.

The Whispering Death let another of its shrill screams, flapping its minute wings.

>Toothless always wondered how such petite wings could hold such a large dragon.<p>

He ignored the frustrated snort behind him as he continued to glare into the dragon's moon-white eyes.

"Leave," he ordered, feeling blood roar into his ears. A sudden rush of energy came through him as he raised his chin deftly. He felt calm and tranquil and a new source of power crept into being. It was just an emberâ€¦ But he felt he could make it into a wildfire with ease.

What was he feeling?

The Whispering Death fled, drilling its head back into the hole, its spiny tail disappearing with it.

In panic, he discarded what he was feeling. Too much powerâ€¦ It felt beyond ancient.

Hookfang regarded him with something between an intrigued and respect look.

"So you are learning to control it?" he prompted as he swiveled his head, trying in vain to locate Combustion's body. Before Toothless could ask what he had meant, Hookfang he let out a snarl of fury, obviously meaning he hadn't succeed in search.

"It took him!" he hissed, rushing to the edge of the black hole.

"Hookfang!" Toothless shouted. "Calm down." The Night Fury could make out his distress with regret. If only he could have told himâ€¦ But this was the least he needed.

"How can I be calm?" he retorted with malice, all the newfound respect just dissolving with those words. "I'm going down there and personally slaughtering that dragon!"

Distraught and confused at what to say, Toothless just stood there, staring.

>When the Monstrous Nightmare did not move, he stated softly, "I am sure we are needed back at the village."<p>

His angered gaze melted into one of melancholy.

"That dragon was so youngâ€¦ It deserved to have a proper Soul-Travel.

With that, Hookfang stalked away, leaving Toothless amidst of his stigma.

The dolorous scene kept playing over and over again in his head. He had killed the dragonâ€¦ But then again, if he hadn't defended himself, it would have killed him, would it not?

He clenched his teeth, trying to bear in his shame. He could have at least tried to convince the young dragon he was fighting for the wrong cause.

The white vapor had dispersed, though the wind continued to howl, its noise vibrating in Toothless's ear as if punishing him.

He was keeping a good distance from Hookfang. He couldn't bear seeing him like that and neither could he stand being interrogated.

As he ambled on, he heard a new shout from some lengths away. His ear twitched. It was Hiccup!

Toothless stalled from walking. The urgency in his rider's voice alarmed him.

"Toothless!" he heard Hiccup yell again. A new voice chimed in, "Cloudjumper?"

>He raced forward in a flurry of paws. The dwindled light diminishing even more as he approached the entrance of the forest. Toothless skidded to a halt, a flash of lightning cracking the air. His thoughts were plunged back to that stormy night where he had saved Night Lyricâ€¦ Also, severely injuring Combustion in the process.<p>

Again he heard the call of his rider, more worried than usual, but he couldn't make himself move. He just stared at the angry black storm clouds. Were the Gods outraged at what he had done?

Another shout from his rider arose him as he tumbled toward the voice, exploding from the wavering trees.

For now, he'd have to endure the distressing image of Combustion-his neck pulled back in an awkward angle.

He had never broken his neck, had he?

Toothless jumped, another flash outlining two humans in the distance.

His paws wanted to dash forward but a newer image jolted him the opposite direction.

Stoick, just lying thereâ€¦ Hiccup, eyes filled with terror and disbeliefâ€¦

Boom.

Something white erupted at his paws, enkindling a vortex of flames.

He reared up, allowing a roar of alarm to rush through him as he slipped into the muddy ground. He struggled to his paws, the heat overwhelming him.

"I am sorry!" he yelled, sinking his claws into the ground. "I never meant it-" Before he could go on a burly shape dragged him away from the embers. He scrambled to his paws, turning to meet eye contact with Hookfang. He couldn't feel the heat anymore. It had justâ€¦ Vanished. Before he could ponder on what had occurred, his ear tingled at the voice of Hookfang.

"Quickly," he heard him shout over, leading the Night Fury away toward where Hiccup and Valka were still searching.

How could he have left them in the storm?

Toothless raced ahead of Hookfang, plowing through the wet grass and into Hiccup, gingerly licking his cheek.

"Bud!" Hiccup said in an alleviated down, rubbing his nose as Toothless gently nuzzled him.

Thunder growled in his ears and he heard Hookfang let out a hiss of fear as he looked around wildly.

"Calm," Valka told him. Even in the moaning of the wind, her voice was strong and steady.

Hookfang's evanescent gaze ceased slightly to look so fearful. Valka placed a palm upon his nose and gazed around.

"Where's Cloudjumper?"

Valka looked around dubiously, her eyes piercing into Toothless's. He stared back in worry.

Cloudjumper was missing? He had last seen him when he had told the dragon to check upon Night Lyricâ€|

Though Valka's voice was calm, he could tell she was anxious to know where he was. After all, it was a dangerous time to be outside.

"I am sure he is alright," Hiccup said quietly, but his words were rapidly drowned out by the wind.

"Of course," Valka sighed, messaging Hookfang's cheek as she stopped him from rearing up as another flash ignited the darkening sky.

>Toothless was also afraid. But something about it wasn't rightâ€| As if what he was feeling wasn't his emotion. But how could that be?<p>

"Toothless, send a signal into the air," Hiccup enjoined. "Snotlout and Astrid were helping us-"

Another explosion blotted out the rest of his sentence, but Toothless got the message.

Obediently, he raised his chin blasting a Plasma Blast up into the air. The blue hue made his thoughts return to when he blasted Stoickâ€| Then Combustionâ€|

He stopped abruptly. Only firing one of his Plasma Blasts was enough.

Almost immediately, something dove into him. Alarmed by the sudden assault, he opened his maw to blast, but was reminded that anotherâ€| incident could happen.

He looked up, relieving that he hadn't shot down the dragon that had tackled him.

"Are you alright? I didn't mean to be so clumsy, but the windâ€|" Stormfly crouched down, allowing Astrid and Snotlout to dismount as she smiled at Toothless.

Astrid joined Hiccup while Snotlout checked on Hookfang.

"So you have found them?" Astrid noted in a yell, but her expression was soon troubled. "And Cloudjumper?"

Valka pulled away from Hookfang as he joined in his reunion with his rider.

"Not yet, though I am positive he can care for himself."

Astrid dipped her head. "Of course, but we need to return to the village. Right now."

As if on cue, another lightning bolt shattered the silence. Toothless's mind whirled as he felt weight climb upon his back. The familiar click followed and Toothless heard the whoosh of his flap extend.

"Come on then," he shouted and another presence joined Hiccup. Valka had mounted onto him as well.

Astrid went on with Stormfly and Snotlout with Hookfang.

"Careful with his paw," Valka cautioned, but Toothless ignored her heeding as he leaped into the air.

"Lower," Hiccup commanded and he felt the movement of his wing shift as he plummeted a few feet to the ground.

Being in the air again felt amazing-nonetheless of the storm-, though the bitter memory of Stoick then Combustion soured his own reunion with the winds.

Stormfly flew beside him, her wings brushing against his as if trying to comfort him, but as he glanced over at her, he could tell it was more than that.

An overpowering urge to jerk his wing away made him wince. He couldn't continue pushing Stormfly away. How had he lost interest of her? Night Lyric.

He could still hear her beautiful voice as if it had become one with the storm.

The storm!

Drawing himself out of his pensive mood, he avoided collision with a crag, veering sharply to the left.

>He glanced over at Stormfly, noticing she had not given him any sign of warning. Her wing found its place with his yet again, but this time he snatched it away, tilting his head at the priority at paw.<p>

He heard Hookfang's roar behind him, making his head thrust in the Monstrous Nightmare's direction.

"I think I saw something," Snotlout shouted, extinguishing the thought that they could be in more peril.

Now that he thought about itâ€¦| What if there was a-

Something clashed down violently, throwing him off balance. It was lightning, he was sure of it. But how come it did not affect him? His heart pounded. And his rider?

"Whoa, we need to be more careful!" he heard Hiccup shout. "That bolt nearly struck us!"

Good. At least he's safe.

His green eyes glinted as he caught the familiar view of their cottage. Immediately, he folded his wings and dove straight down.

He felt Hiccup tense in surprise while Valka held on to her son.

Stormfly joined his descent, trying to catch his eye, but he ignored

her. He had to pay attention.

At the final moment, he snapped open his wings, jostling his paw as he landed. He cringed, but it did not hurt as much as he expected. Probably because Valka had told him and Hiccup it was all right to have some flying practice tomorrow. With a deep breath, he felt the weight vanish from his back.

Hiccup mentioned to their house and called through the patter of rain, "Inside here. Let us wait out the storm."

Toothless lagged behind as everyone entered. It was surprising as to how three dragons could accommodate themselves inside.
>It could have been fourâ€¦ he thought nervously.<p>

"Toothless, where are you going?" Stormfly called after him.

"I just want-"

Hookfang noticed his distress and interjected him-saving Toothless from something he would have been pained to say.

"I'll tell you why we were at the Howling Forest," Hookfang said. Although the Night Fury disliked the topic from arising the surface; he was also graceful for his help.

"Hey bud-"

Not his rider too!

But like Hookfang, Valka interceded his sentence. "Let him rest. He must be tired for whatever he had been doing. I can see it in his eyes and the air around him."

"Airâ€¦?"

All that was distant as he scaled the stairs, he couldn't help but wonder how this was somewhat how he had felt when his rider had allowed Mace to join their ranks for some time. But this feeling was different. It was shame, guilt and overwhelming sense of dread.

The excursion had left him exhausted as he plopped down onto the floor. The water of his drenched scales slipped onto the floor dampening the wood. The noisy sound of rain resounded outside.

He could hear the humans fussing downstairs, but he paid no heed. His eyes shut, but as much as he tried he couldn't fall into the welcoming sensation of sleep. Words continued to form in his mind, keeping him at bay from the ever-thoughtful thinking of slumber.

He had found out he had killed Combustion.

The Gods were infuriated at him.

A storm was brewing outside.

And Cloudjumper was missing.

Could the day get any worse?

11. Chapter 11

****Hey, hey guys! Whoa, this has been long time update ^^! Well, thanks for waiting my faithful readers :D! Some action is coming up... Here comes Chapter 11! Enjoy~!****

* * *

><p>The issue with rain was- once it drenched the ground with its chilled droplets of water, to pick up a scent was an impossible task.<p>

Desponded by the thought of Cloudjumper's eccentric disappearance, Toothless had settled himself in the bleak corner of his and his rider's sleeping chambers.

He twitched his ear, trying to catch the faint sound of thunder. But already the storm was dwindling. Had Cloudjumper actually stayed with Night- waiting out the storm?

A rap at the door sent his head jerking up.

Noting that there were no human beings in the room, his nose wrinkled in puzzlement.

Why would a human be knocking? Unlessâ€¦|

Valka stepped into the area; in her hands she grasped the handle of a bucket filled with water.

She deposited it in the center of the room. Her benignity shamed Toothless even more.

Would she have been bringing him water if she'd known what he had down?

He was dubious about the thought and quickly pushed it away.

Toothless staggered to his paws, ambling toward her. He hesitated, looking down at his reflection as he finally reached the contained liquid.

As he lapped up the insipid drink he finally heard Valka speak.

"O humble beast, do you know where Cloudjumper is?"

Toothless pulled his muzzle away from the water allowing it to drip upon the floor as he stared into her worried gaze.

He longed to nod his head; know with his entire being Cloudjumper was safeâ€¦| But something in his heart denied it. The feeling made him shiver. Where was the Stormcutter?

Valka espied his expression and sighed. "You do not know where he is."

Toothless nudged her cheek. He could understand her distress. He also felt the same way toward the great dragon. Though nothing could

compare what he felt with Valka's feelings toward her companion.

"It is not your fault. Do not fret, Cloudjumper knows how to take care of himself."

It is not your fault. The words echoed in his head, making it difficult to breathe. He had sent Cloudjumper to check upon Night Lyricâ€|

If the Stormcutter had actually remained with the female Night Fury, he'd still be thereâ€| Right?

Valka hesitated, frowning at him. Though before she could summon a sentence, Hiccup pushed his way into the door.

"It has stopped raining," he confirmed, looking from the Night Fury to his mother. "Astrid and Stormfly are both ready to search for Cloudjumper. How's Toothless?"

The woman turned back to the black beast, placing her chilled palms upon his paw.

This time, however, he did not flinch away. Though already knowing what that meant, he did not seem excited. Just heavily exhausted.

"He isn't himself," Valka suddenly observed. Toothless couldn't help but wince as he caught the slight suspicion in her voice. She pushed her hand softly against his throat, raising his chin to get a better look of his eyes.

Her own bore into his, giving him an impression of how she felt. In an act of consternation, he jerked away.
>He felt his paw collide into the bucket, spilling its contents onto the floor.<p>

His eccentric behavior caught Hiccup's attention. "What-?"

"He's just maintaining his composure," Valka stated quietly. "An Alpha is never meant to be stared directly at, but I needed to check something."

Hiccup uncomprehendingly stared at them. He was his rider, yes, but he wasn't as skilled as Valka with dragons.
>Toothless looked up at Valka catching her blank expression. But deep down inside he knew something. As did sheâ€|<p>

* * *

><p>The ashen colored hue of the sky reflected his optics as he stared into the dispersing storm. As Hiccup had stated, the storm was moving away. He stood there, viewing the picturesque scene, until finally the rest joined him outside.

The flights were to arrange differently, though Valka had insisted that it was best to split up.

"No need to cause a commotion. I know my dragon; he's more than capable of taking care of himself. So if we were to search for him, it would be better to go in separate ways. Perhaps the dragons to the

West and we to the East?"

Toothless's ears twitched at the suggestion. Had she purposely implied that? Or was she merely recommending her thoughts? A shiver ran down his spine, but he stood steadfast, awaiting the command of his rider.

Hiccup gestured to Astrid and Snoutlot. "You two stay at the village and keep everything in check."

"Think I can't handle myself with a little fading storm?" Snoutlot demanded with an air of arrogance identical to his dragons.

To his surprise and disappointment Toothless heard him say, "No, because I shall be accompanying my mother to find Cloudjumper."

Valka inclined her head respectfully to both of which Hiccup was leaving behind before heading toward the direction she had advised.

"And our dragons?" Astrid asked.

"We have a better chance with them," was the response.

"What makes you think I'm leaving Hookfang?" Snotlout demanded. Hookfang sniggered under his breath and turned his back on his rider.

"Hookfang!" his rider protested.

The Monstrous Nightmare raised his chin defiantly, ignoring him.

"Good luck Stormfly," Astrid said between giggles. She stopped, though continued smiling at both Snotlout and Hookfang.

"What?" Snotlout challenged her, crossing his arms.

Hiccup-on the other paw-grinned all the same, waving his hands as if in a dismissing motion.

Seeing this, Astrid punched Snoutlot's shoulder. "Come on. We'll be better suited back at the village." She walked over to Hiccup and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "And you better come home safely." With that, she grabbed a hold of Snoutlot's arm and began to drag him away. Surprised expressions were implanted on both boys, broken solely when Hiccup smiled.

"I'll never understand her," he told Toothless. The Night Fury rolled his eyes at the abrupt affection. "Why don't you become partners already?" he snorted, hesitating as he felt a presence beside him. In the moment Astrid had pecked Hiccup upon the cheek, he had forgotten Stormfly had remained.

If dragons could show blushing, his cheeks would have been stained with scarlet. But it wasn't because he too felt the way toward Stormfly... It was because he was embarrassed to confirm he had no feelings toward her. They were just friends. Nothing more nothing less. If only the Deadly Nadder could see that.

"Find Cloudjumper," Hiccup told them, turning to catch up with his mother. Then, calling over his shoulder he shouted, "We meet at noon in the village!"

Watching him disappear into the undergrowth, he felt something brush up against his wing.

"We are going on a mission together! Isn't this exciting?" Stormfly asked, beaming at him.

"Oh please. Save your mushing feelings," he told both dragons, but he too seemed brightened up by the mood of the Deadly Nadder.

Toothless froze. Did Hookfang think they had something together?

"Uh... Um... Yeah," Toothless stuttered; he was heedless as to what he could say.

"So, the East?" Hookfang prompted. "Shall we get going-" With that, Stormfly suddenly interjected him. "I dislike that idea. How about we check the Cove?"

Toothless stiffened. Just the way he said it... It was as if...

"No, no. Hiccup gave us firm orders," Toothless said trying to conceal his hasty, inarticulate tongue.

"I insist, I am sure something should be there." Stormfly padded away, paying no heed to Toothless as he tried to protest. His heart flew against his chest. Did she know something? Just the way she had said 'something.' He had heard venom edge her tone. It sent a shiver through his spine.

With an inapt jog, he stumbled after her, Hookfang lagging behind. He never was a laggard... Unless... His cheeks continued to sear as he slowed his pace to match Hookfang's. Both Stormfly and the Monstrous Nightmare exchanged surprise looks.

"Err.. Shouldn't you be beside Stormfly?" Hookfang prompted, he said it as if his arrogance had been left with his rider.

Instead of responding he stated,
>"Maybe you can get some sense into her. We are to be going to opposite way, remember?" He tried to smile but faltered. Toothless was nervous. Mace had begun to spread rumors that the new Night Fury was a vicious beast that would kill upon target. He knew if his two friends were to spot her, they'd attack without hesitation before Toothless could utter a sound. And he couldn't explain to any of them that he had been meeting up with her. What would Stormfly say? Plus, Hookfang wasn't much of a secret keeper. His concealed truth would be out in no time if he were to confine anything toward the Monstrous Nightmare.<p>

Hookfang gave him a perplexed look before raising his head to call out, "Toothless is right, let us just turn back toward where Valka had suggested."

Stormfly looked over her shoulder. Toothless was surprised at the

dark look she casted toward Hookfang. Then it was gone. As if it had never existed.

"We aren't pets," she pointed out. "We don't have to go along with everything they tell us to do. Alpha is the one that chooses, isn't that right?"

Hookfang bared his fangs. "Of course I know that! But Valka and Cloudjumper are connected. She'll know where to look first."

"I am sure there should be something at the Cove. Come on... Just a sneak peek and we'll leave."

"No." This time it was the Night Fury whom had interjected. "We aren't going to the Cove and that's final." It had been louder then he had intended, but his green eyes confirmed his thoughts. There was nothing either of them could say to topple over his judgement. He himself-when both were gone-would go check. But until then, he was to keep dragons at bay from the Cove.

"But-" Stormfly started, her eyes blazing with outrage. "Toothless!" Her change in mood seemed to have forced her to use the name. His name.

"If you do not find fit for it, then you are to return to the village," he warned. He turned, stalking away to where they were intended to go, indicating his tail for them to follow. Nobody spoke, but they pursued him all the same. Relieved that he had won the favor, Toothless raised his head pulling air into his lungs searching for Cloudjumper's scent.

All he received was the humidity and dampness of the wind. Still, the two dragons behind him remained quiet as he walked on. He hesitated, tensely awaiting for one to bring up a conversation. None came.

Toothless glanced over his shoulder, just being able to glimpse Hookfang pulling away from Stormfly. They had been whispering to each other! He tried to ignore what crept into his chest.

"How about we split up in different ways?" he offered. But as he thought of it... How about Stormfly was to return the way they had come to head on toward the Cove?

"You know what's stupid?" Stormfly asked abruptly, passing over his question. "That your rider agreed with Valka. It would have been a lot more easier on wing then on foot. I am growing wary of it."

If he could have bristled, he would have. "That's not stupid," he snapped. "They are just being cautious of the storm."

"It has already faded though, Toothless," Hookfang pointed out, looking up toward the sky. The sun had poked out from the clouds making it look as if it were nestled with the floating puffs.

"Is it something more you aren't telling us?" Stormfly continued on, her optics staring into his.

Toothless let out a bellow, his spines charging into their full potential. "Enough. Hookfang, you are to go that way-" he shoved his

muzzle toward the left side of him. It was toward the Northeast.

"Stormfly, you are ordered to go the opposite direction of Hookfang. Southeast. Both of you, on paw." He stared at them all, his tail twitching as he awaited one to challenge him. He was panting now. He hadn't meant to be so harsh, but Stormfly had been going somewhere he wished never to conjure up again. What perplexed him the most was if she actually knew. Did she..? Impossible. Or was it?

Without a word, both dragons pulled away from each other, leaving Toothless amidst his confusion. He was always playful. He was always carefree. Ever since Night Lyric had arrived, everything had changed. Or was it really her fault? No. He should be blaming Mace for these terrible disasters.

Toothless himself padded off. He knew where to go. What he also knew was that he may not be accepted. _Her_ words continued to play his thoughts until finally he discarded them, his paws continuing to head off toward the Cove.

* * *

><p>Alert to any noise of pursuit, Toothless stared around the area he knew so well. He was drawing closer to the Cove and atinipication stung at his heels.<p>

The Night Fury slowed to a halt, his breaths becoming abruptly ragged. The same pessimistic feeling he had felt before pressurized his chest disabling him to breath normally. Abnormal outrage sank into his thoughts and he had an urge to burn something. He looked around wildly, but as soon as it started he felt something more. He dismally lowered his head, the sensation quenching the outbreak of anger.

He jerked his head as if he had abruptly fallen to sleep. But there he was, standing there, panting. His eyes slitted as he wondered in awe and fear on what he had just felt. Was it him...? He continued to sense random emotions which had nothing to do with his mood. What was happening with him?!

However, the same despairing pressure pushed against his chest telling him otherwise. It was until then he realized he had reached his destination. Whatever he had felt was quickly forgotten as his heart thumped wildly against his chest. Cloudjumper should be here... Night Lyric...

As he overlooked the Cove, an intake of breath followed. His eyes slitted at the scene that tried to deter him, but his steadfast paws refused to move.

Patches of grass were scorched pitch-black, rings of a fire's aftermath still circling the spots. The pungent odor of smoke was still intact as Toothless moved in to get a closer view.
>Countless claw marks scored the ground, littering the place with ominous messages. Not only was the dirt clawed to their roots, but few of the rocks as well. It gave the expression of a struggle... Which was exactly what had occurred.
His heart quickened as he stared at the water. No longer could he see his face, but the murky outline of an outline. Whoever, _whatever_, had done this had also

discolored the transparency of the clear liquid, destroying its usual shine.

>The ledges that did its best to conceal the Cove were now mangled and torn.<p>

"Night Lyric?!" he shouted, finding himself dashing to the chasm he had made for her. "Cloudjumper?"

Silence followed as he passed through the now gaping hole, the vines having been ripped from the place he had hung them.

His paws slipped on something sticky and still fresh. He was too worried to care. He looked around desperately, scouring the dark yet small shelter.

>But there it was again. That same thick liquid he had stepped upon before. It seemed to be a plethora of the substance and he froze. Slowly, he looked down his desperation melting into something of dread.<p>

Blood.

It soaked his paw like a hungry animal trying to get a hold of him. He roared, rearing onto his hinds as he struggled to get away. It was everywhere. The image of Combustion sank into his mind. Just laying there.. His head horrible twisted at an awkward angle. Another bellow escaped him and he fled the cavern.

Panting, he stared at where he had come. The scarlet coloring was now apparent as he looked closer. He glanced back at his paws, too speechless to make anything out of it.

Who had done this?

The obvious answer echoed in his head. Although the scent had been driven away by the rain, everything here were inklings to who had done this.

He continued to stare. The iniquity of it all...

Had they killed Cloudjumper? Night Lyric? He shuddered at the thought. No, they couldn't be dead! They... They just couldn't. He had to return to the pothole and investigate. He neared it, but his instincts blared to turn around and run.

Forcing himself to walk through the entrance, he stared around alertly. Some of the blood had been caking on the walls, making it nearly impossible to distinguish which pool was from a different wound.

There had defiantly been a fight and it hurt him to guess who had won, the blood making it unsubtle.

At least there was no sign of a body... But then again, whoever had done this probably would have dragged away the body. The suspense was making him tenser then he already was; which was saying a lot.

He reached out one of his paws, making contact with the eerie red liquid, seeking to search for claw-marks which could have been hidden behind the coating of blood. Toothless let out a snort of surprise and agony as his head slowly squeezed together... Then he was taller,

roaring at intruders as lightning flashed outside.

>The dragons were lithe and intelligent, but he was beyond their cunning as his wings smacked against one after another trying to herd them away.<p>

"Leave him alone!"

The shout was female. Worry and unease pricked at his mind as he turned to search for her, then something clutched his throat. Another bellow shattered the turmoil as pain engulfed him. Something banged into his snout and then darkness...

The Night Fury flinched away, scrambling to get a grip of the ground as he swayed in confusion. What had he seen? Was it a vision?

He sat hard onto his haunches, raising one of his blood-drenched paws. It trickled like mud as it slithered toward the floor. This was Cloudjumper's blood... He recoiled at this and returned back outside. Though it too was filled with putrid, decaying, burnt grass, nothing could compare to the stuffy, metallic scent of blood.

Toothless found himself diving into the murky water, rinsing himself of any trace of blood. He thought to all the secrets he had been keeping away. Now another one had to be added onto the list. He wasn't about to go tell anyone of the disaster. No, he would never forgive himself if any of his friends were to get harmed in anyway. Not to mention endangering them with the fact. He'd do this alone. The Alpha protected and he was to do just that.

>Something deep down told him Cloudjumper and Night Lyric were still alive. How did he know that? He was clueless, though it had a connection to do with the vision. How did that even occur? And now he had another thing to worry about, even though he was certain _now _that they were alive, how about later? _Where _were they to start with? Another thing he was positive about, he was going to try and save them.

He dragged himself out of the dimmed waters. Nothing red tinged his scales, but debris and other muck clung to him. Toothless shook himself with determination. He was going to defend the dragons. No, not 'the' dragons. _His _dragons.

* * *

><p>"Any signs of him?"
The dismayed tone of Valka came into his acoustics as he neared the destination of where he had been assured of their meeting place.

Toothless slowed his pace, wanting to avoid his rider's mother. Just the thought of keeping something so crucial to her made him wince. He was slightly settled with the thought that it was going to help them. Toothless shook himself. There was no way he was going to allow any other of his friends to be lugged into peril.

With his frolicsome nature gone for the moment, the Night Fury padded over to stand beside his rider who looked equally worried as his mother. He shook his head at the question, averting his eyes from hers.

A squawk of triumph caught his attention as he spotted Stormfly enter the scene with Hookfang at her side. Her gaily strides perplexed him.

What was she so content about?

"No sign of him, Alpha," Hookfang started, edging away as the Deadly Nadder leaned up against his shoulder in an affectionate manner. Toothless stared at this in bewilderment. What was Stormfly doing? Was she hurt?

Nothing out of place passed through his scrutiny, indicating no wounds were either visible or inexistent. Then why was Stormfly up against Hookfang like that...? He shrugged, turning back to Valka as she poured the progress of their hunt for her missing dragon.

As he listened, however, he felt a gaze hot on his spine. He risked a glance backward, catching Stormfly's infuriated gaze as she pushed the Monstrous Nightmare away as if he had been the one cuddling with her.

Again, he dismissed any thoughts of this.

"...The Dragon Races are tomorrow," Hiccup was saying as Toothless returned to tuning in. "Would you like me to cancel them until next year?"

Toothless's ears twitched. It had totally swept his mind that they were tomorrow! Of course, with all the drama going on, who could blame him?

"No, no," Valka stated. Her voice was close to a murmur as she swept her hand across her face. "I am sure Cloudjumper has just gone to investigate something." She flashed a quick peek at Toothless before returning to her son's gaze.

"Let us stop searching for him, for now. I'll begin tomorrow while you attend to the races." Without a word or before Hiccup could utter one, she was gone.

His rider was quickly after her, only stopped by Astrid who had just recently appeared. "Let her have some time to herself. After all, she had been isolated from humans, I am sure she can cope on her own."

Hiccup hesitated, looking distraught. "O-of course," he sighed, pulling away. "It must be hard for her. After all, Cloudjumper was her life-time companions. What if he.." Hiccup clenched his teeth. "I don't know what she'd do."

Astrid met his gaze as she cupped her hand around his chin. "Here, how about we practice for tomorrow's races?"

"Gah! It slipped my mind to train!"

The adolescent girl punched him slyly-and playfully-on the arm. "Then I know whose winning this year's race!" She tore away from him, leaping upon Stormfly. Patting her fondly on the neck she stated, "Up girl! First one to dunk a gray sheep wins!"

There was only one gray sheep and the Night Fury was urged to get a move on.

>Toothless payed one last glance at Hookfang which looked utterly puzzled as if the act Stormfly had pulled upon him had been toiling

in his mind. He stared apologetically at the Night Fury, probably because he had done nothing to stop it.<p>

He shook his head at him, amused by the look upon his face. He did not need to make amends with him. But, since Hookfang had no information on how Toothless felt, he must have been thinking the Night Fury still had love feelings for the Deadly Nadder.

That is long gone, he thought to himself with a cringe, feeling his rider mount him at last. The familiar click followed and he felt his tail-fing snap open.

With a roar of satisfaction he lunged into the air after the distancing rider and her dragon, his wings beating at a strong rhythm after them. As he flew, it gave him less time to think. How was he going to find them if Hiccup was to be attending the Dragon Races? Could he just bail upon them and escape to locate the two missing dragons? He couldn't do that to his rider! His mind was now torn into the two separate ideas.

He was interrupted as a bleating sheep passed his muzzle and he was awakened back into concentration at the sound of his rider's shouting.

"C'mon bud! The sheep!"

He folded his wings, swooping down to grasp the wooly animal in his talons. He beat his wings to avoid crashing into the ground and he was high in the air again. The gale brushed against his wings as he listened to his rider's instructions.

"Aim for the basket and drop the sheep!"

In truth, he was too caught up with the winds pull against his face to heed Hiccup's directions. He had been away from the wind way to long to enjoy it. He knew he had been in the storm just a few hours previous, but still, he had been caged to the ground before that. The moment with the wind was shattered as he felt himself rammed.

Alarmed by the sudden assault, he tucked his wings up against him again dipping down toward the earth. At the final minute he pulled up, passing hastily through the narrow tunnel of two houses.

His impetuous maneuver earned him a warning from Hiccup's point, but at least they had the sheep.

"Don't think you can get away so easily!" came a shout behind them as Toothless felt Hiccup tug at his reins, veering him sharply to the left.

>At first, he was annoyed by the sudden, violent motion his rider had committed, but then he felt it. Heat rolled over his flank as they just barely avoided getting seared by Stormfly.<p>

"What was that for?" Hiccup called over to Astrid.

They turned and Toothless glimpsed the female human's surprised expression. "I didn't command her," she shouted back. "She just did it!"_

>

Hiccup nodded at the seemingly inadvertent aggression. "Alright! No harm done. Let us continue then!" The sheep in his paws gave another of those hoarse grunts as it struggled to get free. Its eyes rolled in terror as Hiccup signaled Toothless to dive. For what seemed like the fifth time, he swooped downward, wind beating against his face.

He had a longing to stick out his tongue and let it loll with the wind, but that would have been too distracting. Toothless felt his rider tense as the neared the ground. Was his rider going to tell him to pull up?

"Wait for it..." Hiccup started as Toothless began to feel something warm begin to start at the end of his tail. "_NOW!_"

His wings opened and he just barely avoided collision with the ground as fire engulfed the place he would have crashed into. "What in Odin's name!" he roared in surprise. Stormfly had tried another time to scorch him!

But it seemed that his rider knew, for he looked back at the smoke gathering in the area. Like he might of planned, Stormfly and Astrid were caught in the center of it, trying to fight their way free from the tendrils of gray. It still didn't help him cover the sense of agitation. For some reason, it seemed as if she was trying to launch her ire at him. No, that couldn't be. This was just her competitive side!

Hiccup lead the way to the basket and at last Toothless could rid himself of the weight he had been clutching. With an irritating noise that sheep often emitted, it settled down in the net.

With that, he flew steadily back to where the two females were busy ridding themselves of the hindrance.

"Toothless, wing-beat," Hiccup said simply with a mischievous smile. The dragon swept his wings from side to side, helping Stormfly with what she had started. Astrid pulled Stormfly up, the matter being resolved in mere seconds.

"We won," Hiccup told her. "Remind me never to invite you on my team," he added teasingly.

"Hey!" Astrid said, crossing her arms, smiling nonetheless. "I would have won but-" the grin vanished from her face. "Stormfly was acting strangely. The way she flew.. And the way she breathed fire on you guys. And the way she tried to escape but blowing the smoke out of her face instead of going up. She was even heedless to my directions!"

He felt Hiccup pause. "Well... That's mighty strange of her. Maybe she found something she's not telling us?"

"I'm dubious about that," she sighed. "I'm sure it'll go away."

Meanwhile, Toothless was trying with futile results to get Stormfly's attention. She kept straying away from his gaze. Her queer attitude worried him further. What had gotten into her?

Had it been about the small dispute they had had? Well, that still couldn't excuse her for trying to flame them!

"How about we land?" Hiccup suggested, already tugging his reins toward the ground, making Toothless follow his lead. His paws met the ground and at the same moment he longed to return where he belonged; in the sky.

Stormfly-at first- seemed to refuse to follow, but then with a forceful wing beat, she thudded onto the ground. Astrid slid off of her, looking nervous.

"Here, how about we get some good night's sleep?" he asked, going over to her before clasping his hand into hers. "I'll be seeing you tomorrow then."

Astrid smiled fondly at him as if all her worries had melted by just looking into his eyes. She reached up and met her lips on his cheek before smiling slyly. "Alright, but don't be confident you are going to win!" She then turned away, Stormfly following her without a second glance back.

Hiccup felt where Astrid had kissed him, grinning before he, too, began to walk toward their own cottage. He beckoned to Toothless, who raced up to his side.

As he made his way toward their home, he could just think about what his rider had continued talking about. "The Dragon Races were tomorrow." Just saying them aloud made him feel excitement race through him. But then there was the conflict with Night Lyric and Cloudjumper being injured or worse... Dead. The feeling of certainty was long gone and he was dismayed to think of their deaths... A memory collided with his thinking.

Tomorrow was the Dragon Races... He remembered the invitation Stormfly had given him; to come at nightfall of the same day.

He stiffened, trailing behind Hiccup. Just the way she had acted today... The suspicion of her knowing things she shouldn't have really dug into Toothless. The same thoughts that he had been thinking days back drifted back into state of mind. Something was wrong with the date of time. His eyes narrowed with unease.

Something was terribly wrong.

12. Chapter 12

Hey guys! Finally created this chapter ^^! You know what I should do? Try and update every Saturday :D! So for next week, be checking on Saturday! Anyways, enjoy my readers 3!

* * *

><p>"Bud, wake up!" The alarmed voice of his rider roused him from a particularly interesting dream. As he started ebbing away from unconsciousness and becoming more aware of his surroundings he could not recall what it had been about; but of course, it did not

matter.<p>

Now alert at the tone of his rider's voice, the Night Fury sprang to his paws, looking around wildly for an intruder.

"Toothless.. Quiet!"

Hiccup gingerly pushed his hand upon the Alpha's snout. Immediately he became calm seeing that his rider no longer contained as much tension as he had had when he had awoken him. Then again, Toothless was still curious what gave him the air of dismay. And seeing that he also wore his rider's suit it must mean that something was up.

His human friend regarded him slowly before sighing. "Our red paint is missing."

Red paint?

Ah! It suddenly struck him. All riders attending had to paint their dragons with their own color and markings. Surely they were in procession of some. After all, he had glimpsed a few bottles yesterday...

Hiccup strode to the window, pushing back the curtains. Surprisingly enough, the only light to penetrate the transparent glass was that of the moon's glow. It wasn't even morning yet!

He blinked a few times to try and chase away his blurry sight. Now that he had gotten in the habit of arousing in the morning, he had lost some of his nocturnal nature. Shrugging off his drowsiness, he trotted over to his rider's side.

"I'm sorry to wake you up so early," he muttered, rubbing him affectionately around the ear. "But we have to get some, else we'd either be late or unable to play in the races.."

The Night Fury nodded, though pondered why his human companion couldn't just ask another villager for a supply of the scarlet liquid. He stiffened, thinking back to the blood soaked cavern. A shudder followed as he stared up toward the moon as it made its way steadily down toward the horizon.

As if reading his mind Hiccup stated, "Nobody in the village has the ingredients or an actual stock... Our color is real special." His rider's smile faded and his expression once more became serious. "But that is if you would like to go."

Toothless emitted a faint croon, his optics dilating at his question.

Hiccup patted him on the head a last time before indicating toward the door.

With averse steps, Toothless crept after Hiccup as the human made his way toward the door. He tried in vain to remain quiet, though his heavy, exhausted strides occasionally made him fall upon something squeaky and a harsh grating noise would explode from under-paw.

His rider, on the other paw, wasn't doing a great job either seeing that he was still human. And humans tended to give away their

location multiple times for their clumsy footfalls. Hoping not to create another false movement-whereupon he was certain it would awaken Valka-he determined his actions acutely. A low grumble of annoyance started in his throat as his rider progressed at his ineptness. Then again, he did have a prosthetic leg.

Finally they departed from the house, Toothless finally pulling up beside his rider.

The dragon followed after him as they made their way to the human's working area. Once inside, he snatched up a piece of paper.

Clenching a long stick of charcoal, he began to underline the extraordinary scribbles humans made. He felt his head cock in perplexity as he watched his human continue to highlight the words.

"We need red clover," he stated, looking up suddenly the scrutiny of his gaze fading into the darkness. "Berk ti.. a bucket of some reeds and... a desert rose."

Toothless stared at him. "There isn't a desert nearby though... Last time I saw, there weren't any at all."

His rider hesitated at his look. "Maybe we could split up to cover more ground? I'll get the Berk Ti and those red reeds and you could go fetch the other two.." He beamed at the idea. "It's as if it were meant for us! Fifty, fifty."

"But where are the desert roses?" Toothless then prodded him with his wing looking eager to know. All he wanted to do was begin the races now that he was awake. But they couldn't do that without their red patterns symbolizing themselves.

"Oh!" His rider rushed into one of the cabins, scooping through their contents. He then pulled out a withered flower, but the smell still hung to it as his rider returned to his side.

"This is a desert flower. They aren't really from the deserts. Well, some are found there.. But..." His words were cut off from Toothless's mind as he smelt the flora. He knew this plant!

As if he had a facetious expression, Hiccup chuckled. "So you do know the flower I speak of?"

"Yes!" the dragon returned, baring his lips into a mischievous grin matching his rider's.

"And red clover?"

Toothless halted for a moment to think. He then nodded. He had seen the strange, scarlet flower. It wasn't something he had been interested with; due to the fact their species looked dull and obvious like some other flowers.

"We have to be back here by dawn," Hiccup cautioned. "To mix the ingredients and to get prepared..." Hiccup gently pushed his snout, pointing toward the door. "We start... now!"

* * *

><p>The frosty, nightly air refreshed the dragon's senses as he prowled through the shadows in search for the herbs he was sent to bring. His thoughts continued to whirl into different topics, though only one caught his attention. It was if he were trapped in a gossamer just waiting for the spider to return...<p>

Jolting from his jumbled mind he went back to the priority at paw. Then again, he couldn't help but stray to what Stormfly might have in store for him. Was she planning something? No! Forby, what had occurred the previous day could have been a mere accident? But it had happened twice!

She must have been in a competitive mood, he thought. Then why did she look away?

Thud.

Toothless paused and could have sworn he had felt something under his paws. He shifted uncomfortably, looking down. Ignoring the uneasy feeling stirring in his chest, he went on. The halcyon wind tugged at the trees, the swaying motion making them look as if they were animated.

A dissonant sound played at his ears and a snort of surprise came through his maw. What had that been?

Then like it had come, it vanished into the night.

As his acoustics returned too normal, his shoulders tensed. Someone was indeed watching him.

"Who's there?" he demanded, looking around in an attempt to catch a glimpse of scales.

His spines lit up brighter in a sort of restless way when no response came. As if sensing his distress the boisterously wind just stopped until not one breeze brushed across his wings. Now... It was pure silence..

The moonlit path was interrupted as a dark cloud rolled overhead. He stiffened, his eyes scanning the area. Although he did indeed have night vision, it still made him a bit more strained to feel the warmth of the moon become clouded. Better yet, the feeling of a stalker did not wear off as he followed on.

He casted one more evanescent glance over his shoulder before slipping deeper into the trees. One thing was for sure, he'd hear a dragon if it were to come after him through the forest.

Yet he felt safer in the trees, he did aspire that the moon could illumine the darkness with its faint glow.

Cautiously, he reared onto his hinds, trying to pick out an obvious sanguine coloring. He returned back to four paws, the imperturbable wind resuming. Slightly relieved by another sound differing from that of the eerie peacefulness.

Was he just being inane or overreacting? Why would a dragon or human

want to stalk him?

Wavering into his thoughts, he barely missed spotting a red flower. His head jerked toward his right, spotting the jaded thing screened by another tree. His lips curled into a smile as he dipped down his cranium and gently tore it out-roots and all.

With a firm grip upon it, he stepped away, bounding toward where he assumed the desert flower grew.

Slowly, he edged toward a graveled place, the forest-line clearing out until the trees eventually stopped appearing.

Toothless stared over toward another direction, wondering if he should impetuously snip the flower's stem or to do it carefully-if he actually did find it. He still didn't feel right... The open area sent tendrils of agitation down his spine. The probable reason was that it seemed too... free. Lacking shelter with its capacious range.

Now forgetting his rare indolent attitude for his lack of sleep, the Night Fury trudged on. It seemed as if he were infringing on another's territory for at the same moment he placed his paw upon the sturdy, grainy ground the sensation of something dwelling behind him caught his attention.

Faintly, he caught sight of a vague outline. A miracle it was for as he approached, he could make out the tendrils of red running through its stem like veins. He was facing something not dead, but very much alive. It was flamboyant as if it were struck with fire but continued on living. It's multicolored pattern reflected off of his eyes. He breathed in its relaxing scent. Almost like the Fire Flower but this time... It was more soothing not as mesmerizing. "A desert rose!" He was only distracted momentarily at his discovery when...

Thud.

There it was again! He dropped the flower neatly clamped in his jaw, a growl escaping him as he whirled around. Nothing was there. But-

Suddenly, the dirt toward her left started crumbling inward. Toothless took a step back, yet felt his first forepaw slip upon empty air. With a hiss of frustration and surprise, he launched himself forward, landing quietly on the other side. And just in time too, for as he turned back to see what had occurred, the entire structure on where he had been standing just moments ago crumbled down into a deep... Black... Pit.

His optics returned to slits. The hole looked nearly identical to the one he had dragged the motionless form of Combustion into. Were the gods punishing him again?

There came a crack underneath him and his gaze jolted down toward the earth. A long, jagged line cut through the middle of the grass and dirt.

"Gah!" He lunged toward his right, just barely avoiding falling through yet another chasm.

His instincts blared to get to the sky, but he knew he could not fly without his rider's aid. A fissure was slowly making its way toward him. A hiss of surprise was emitted as he watched it. The gods were actually trying to kill him!

Since he couldn't fly, he used another tactic he knew. _Run._

His talons scrapped on the ground as he tried to gain ground. But the split in the ground was gradually getting closer. It seemed at ease chasing the Night Fury as he tried to evade it.

Toothless was curtailed as the crack rounded-growing in width- around him, forcing him to skid to a halt-preventing himself from plunging into empty darkness.

He was trapped.

Incited by the fact that someone or something was trying to kill him, his wings flared open, his maw partially gaping to reveal the rows of lethal teeth.

But what occurred next happened with such agility it nearly made the Night Furies look slow.

He felt agony explode at the left of his shoulder and he was knocked sideways. A roar of surprise came from his jaw as claws grappling around his throat, trying to drive them deeper into the tissue. His scales, however, prevented the worse from happening.

Toothless was drawn to his senses and he kicked out one of his wings. Though as he did so, nothing lingered. Whatever had attacked him had disappeared. A hole yawned at his paws and he stiffened. Was this a Whispering Death?

The Night Fury growled at its inglorious tactic. Then again, he was quiet awed that something would do so without question.

His gaze slipped to his shoulder, but as much pain as he contained, no wound was visible.

Creak...

Alarmed by the sound, he sprang backward just in time to see another dragon leap out, its claws extended into what seemed to be a killing bite. A defiant snarl came from her lips as she landed on the ground, staring around to come face to face with Toothless.

Her eyes were ghastly black pits. They almost looked soulless as she stared at him. Other than the bizarre optics, she was brown scaled with black markings covering her entire body. Gray dots peppered her pelt, giving the expression that she had been in a rockslide. What caught his attention was that she nearly was identical to the format of a Night Fury... Everything was close to how he looked all except the coloring and the horns that crew out of her head like crests. Her tail looked to have similar fashioned tail-flaps, yet one was bigger than the other and way less skinnier.

He just stared at the entity that appeared to look like a hybrid of a Skrill and his own species. She returned the stare, though her glare

was an air of savage deviousness. Toothless was unnerved, the unprovoked ambush rushing back to flood him.

"What are you?" he growled, staring at _those_ eyes.

The dragon continued watching him as if forbidden to speak. She lashed her tail slowly, the seeming blunt end catching his attention. Was it actually smooth? He doubted it.

"Ha! Like you are worthy enough to know who I am. But if you insist and since..." She licked her maw with a forked tongue. "I am Arenza, the Desert Wraith..." she continued in a croaky tone. It was chilled with malice; the very tone that seemed natural was like hearing death itself.

A Desert Wraith? He, nor Hiccup, nor anybody he could think of had seen such a thing!

Like her species named inclined, her ability must have been digging like a Whispering Death! That's why he had felt the ground tremble... And when he had a sensation of something watching him, he'd been viewed underneath his paws. But... How?

Something so small could not burrow with such speed. Only the Whispering Death, which had those incisors for cutting away rocks.

"Enough talk," she sneered. Arenza raised one of her paws before ramming it against the ground. In amazement, he watched as the force created a crater. But what actually held his stare were the tendrils of cracks leading toward him.

Did this dragon... Control earth?

Springing backward in yet another effort to avert being dragged down into the darkness, he was interceded by a fissure. His hind legs dragged him down and he scrambled his claws on what did remain solid for him to grip. Desperately clinging to the rocks, he saw Arenza look coldly down at him. A nefarious smile touched her lips.

"Who knew killing a Night Fury would be _so _easy?" she crooned in amusement, lifting one of her paws. As Toothless took in a closer look of her digits, he could make out that the points were coated with a see-through liquid. Poison.

The Desert Wraith twirled her malignant claws as if savoring the moment of bringing a dragon to its doom.

Toothless shook his head violently and a screeching noise followed. With surprise, Arenza only had time to cover her face with her wings before a mighty charged Plasma Blast collided against her with a deafening boom.

Dragging himself out of the sand trap, he stared at the dragon and for a heartbeat he glimpsed a cut on her flank... So similar... Then she had folded it, growling.

He had been too overwhelmed with bewilderment to attack, but now they knew that this dragon was to befall harm upon him... His maw ignited into a halo of azure lighting up the darkened air with its

magnificent glow. Another Plasma Blast brightened the scene and it collided against the ground at her paws. Dust billowed into the sky like wisps of clouds, concealing the dragon's view from him.

Intrepidly he reared onto his hinds lashing down with his claws. However, it was not to harm just to warn off. It sickened him to kill yet another dragon and he was wary of his power.
>His digits touched the ground as he failed to make contact with scales. Where had she gone?<p>

The land shook under his paws and he tensed, ready for another blow, but none came. Still alert, he stared around, noticing with shock to see what Arenza had done disappear. No fissures or holes tainted the ground, leaving it once more flawless.

The dust was beginning to wear away; thick strands clouding his vision ever so slightly. He tucked his wings to his side, warily examining around. He wasn't about to let another dragon ambush him.

The grit cleared away, a particularly minute hole grimly being excavated in such a short notice.

Had he been winning? Was that the reason she had fled?

His next surmise was based on what he heard and saw.

"Toothless! Are you alright?" Hiccup's voice rang through the clearing as his rider walked over to him. He held a pail of strange, fuzzy sticks. It also contained precious white flowers tinged with crimson.

His head jerked toward his right as he remained staring at the small indent in the ground where his ambusher had escaped.

Just the sight of his rider invigorated him with a newfound sense of protection. That dragon wasn't about to come and attack him again, more less now that Hiccup was with him.

"A Whispering Death?" he heard him ask as he rounded over to the hole. With a hiss, Toothless jumped in front of Hiccup, nearly knocking him down. "It's not safe," he urged warily.

Hiccup hesitated. "Is something wrong? Maybe that Whispering Death you have such animosity toward?"

His frills flattened with disgust at the mention of _that _dragon, but he brushed it off with a shake of his head.

Again there came a pause for the human and finally-with a sigh-he accepted not to approach.

"Did you find any of the herbs?" he inquired, his expression radiating intricacy.

Letting a bellow of surprise, he gazed around trying to find the distinct plants he had found for their batch of special scarlet paint. He exhaled with satisfaction spotting the clover he had dropped and the desert rose he had left untouched nearby.

He steadily pointed with his wing toward the duo, blinking. He couldn't really tell his rider about the Desert Wraith.. How could he?

"Great job Toothless!" he said and beamed at him. His rider picked up his pace and darted over to the herbs, looking back over his shoulder. "C'mon bud! We still have some time left to get to the house and start mixing!"

Toothless relaxed, though involuntarily prowled after him. Agitation made him glance back toward the hole. Just staring at the ominous black pit.. Something told him this wasn't the last time he'd encounter her.

* * *

><p>Languid upon returning to their home he lacerated a piece of the Berk ti. Purple liquid oozed from the gash and trickled down into the bowl Hiccup had set out under him. Careful not to get some on the floor, he corrected his muzzle into a more central position.<p>

"Would you like some help?"

A figure strode in, catching a stare from Toothless. He recognized her in a heartbeat, but something about her eyes made him cringe. Almost like Arenza though less soulless and more.. empty.

Her lenient tone was cracked with exhausted as she settled down beside Hiccup.

His rider stared at her with worry. "Are you alright?"

Valka squinted at him. "Yes, of course... It's just rest couldn't find be last night." She leaned her head against the wall. "Any signs of Cloudjumper?"

Stealing a look toward Toothless, Hiccup shook his head.

"You must be creating your paint, I see," Valka pressed on, quickly yet stealthily changing the subject into a happier one.

"Yes," he replied, clasping a reed into his hands before handing it to Valka. The woman nodded, taking it gingerly, examining it with her hawk-like gaze. "Hmm.. You are a good picker."

Hiccup inclined his head in response staring at the bowl in front of him. The quietness made Toothless squirm uncomfortably. What were they thinking?

"Like your father," Valka finally said at last.

Dead silence.

Toothless dug his fangs into the leaf he was working upon, goo exploding into the bowl and splattering his paws. This caught both of their attention and at last Hiccup spoke, "Will you be watching us at the Dragon Races?"

"Like I said before, I am out to search for Cloudjumper," Valka sighed, picking her nails through the feathered stick of the reed. "But I do wish you the best of luck."

Relieved by the change of topic, the Alpha continued on his priority. He always enjoyed Valka's magnanimous attitude toward other beings, but today... She just wasn't herself. Was it the lack of sleep? Or the suspense on what had occurred to Cloudjumper?

Cloudjumper... The name made him recoil and he was once again plunged into darkness.

Fire... Yells... Chaos...

He could see the malevolent dragons coming toward him and his tail lashed in readiness. There was no way he was just about to fail his friend. With a loud roar, a vortex of fire erupted from his maw igniting the scene with dazzling orange flames.

Like before, the words were faint. But this time, he could at least pick up some of them.

"His horns! That would do it!" He twisted his head to glare at who had said that, his shoulders tensed with fighting. Already he had grown weary of avoiding and being avoided. Clawing and being clawed.

Wait... _Horns? _

Toothless yanked his head up as if he had fallen asleep. Both Hiccup and Valka were staring at him.

Hiccup's mother stood up, placing her palm against her chest. "You Alpha Sought," she gasped.

"What?" Hiccup questioned, staring at Valka with a sense of confusion. "What just happened...?"

"All Alphas can use Alpha Vision... and then Alpha Seek," she said in a low tone. "I never knew this Night Fury could ever learn how to do so, so fast." Toothless stared in bewilderment at the new words.

What...

"When dragons become.. Well.. An Alpha, they are chosen as a guardian to their fellow dragons," Valka started, crossing her arms and continuing to squint. "And once they are in their high rank, they become aware of their dragons. Slowly, however, they are able to actually Seek them without being near them." She extended one of her palms and rested it against Toothless's forehead whereas a light blue tinge had started.

>"When it does arise..." She paused, curving her hand around one of his spines. "His fire should light up brighter than it normally should."<p>

"So..." Hiccup paused, seeming dazzled by the new information. "He could track down _any _dragon?"

Valka shook her head. "This is what I know. Nothing more, nothing

less. Alpha Vision and Alpha Seeking is a gift not even I know much of. Merely the fraction I told you." She lifted her hands off of his head and pointed. "What he did moments before was what I think was Alpha Seeking... Though now I uncertain. He did not give off the light needed. His eyes sort off trailed off and when he returned to the present-"

She stiffened. "The present..." she murmured as if not having meant to say that. She got down on one knee, staring at the Night Fury. "There is something more about you, Night Fury..."

Still marveling on the quantity Valka knew, Toothless watched her return to her chamber leaving his rider alone with him. The adolescent teen stared after his mother as if to follow her, but thought better of it. Bursting with curiosity, the first thing Hiccup asked was, "Did you know about this?"

With an amusing response, he clapped his two spines together.

Hiccup laughed. "I guess not. Alphas seem so cool, you know?"

The black dragon frowned at this but chose not to question it as he finished producing the last strands of liquid into the bowl. With the accomplishment finished, he puffed out his chest.

His rider chuckled again, grabbing hold of his bowl before ducking the contents into his own. Grabbing one of the reeds, Hiccup began to stir the mushed ingredients. Red, purple, white and blue glittered back at Toothless as he watched the 'magic' unfold. It was quite interesting to gaze at the blending colors and how they fought to stay and remain the hue they were.
>But it all came down to the red.<p>

Carefully, Hiccup tried removing the stick. Toothless twitched his tail, trying with great difficulty not to smile as he watched his rider once again attempting to withdraw it from the bowl. However, the sticky substance produced by the herbs was making it extremely tough. He could see why it was taking so long. Hiccup was trying to avoid spilling any of it.

Sighing in annoyance, he gave in, settling the stick at the corner of the bowl. "Hey bud, mind to fetch me the brush?"

He nodded, rushing to attend to his humans needs and returning with what he had asked.

Hiccup picked it up and dabbed the end of it into the rather large bowl. "Hold still," Hiccup enjoined, brushing the cold, sticky side against his forehead. It was nearly a caress and he purred loudly, enjoying the feel of the bristles against his scales.

Toothless could feel the paint drying already as Hiccup passed it over and over again creating a sort of 'V'.

His rider then started on his paws, returning to coat his brush in the substance before smudging it at the wanted area. All through this, Toothless's eyes drooped drowsily, however, he was still alert. For what had happened in just a few days had left him breathless and he wasn't just about to let his guard down.

Time passed slowly as Hiccup continued to work on his scales.

The Night Fury could just imagine himself prowling a beautiful lea, watching the sky as the sun beat warmly on his spine. Such a peaceful thought and comparing it to his life it was like heaven.

"Other paw," Hiccup said and with that Toothless presented him with his remaining one. Just feeling Hiccup plaster the soothing gunk onto his paw made him vulnerable to daydreams or thoughts. For one thing, he disliked thinking of what had happened to Night Lyric or Cloudjumper. He was going to find them... But when? For another, tonight...

He recoiled at the sudden thought. Tonight he was to meet up with Stormfly. Should he go? He couldn't just listlessly forgot of it!

"Wing please."

He extended his right, pondering desperately on what to do. Then there was Arenza... What in Odin's name did she want? And the blemish he had seen... It had matched the one of Mace... And... Night Lyric...

Before he could bring the pieces of the puzzles together, he heard a conk sounding outside. Rapidly, Hiccup smudged double lines across both of his cheeks before indicating out the door.

"Good luck!" he heard Valka call as she too emerged outside. Hiccup turned toward her. "Good luck to you, mother!" he returned, smiling. "May the gods light your path."

"And yours, my son."

"I'll see you at sunset, I suppose?"

"Perhaps," was the response and there she went, walking toward the undergrowth with her staff.

"C'mon bud!" Toothless crouched down enabling Hiccup and easy passage onto his back. As soon as he heard the usual snap he was in the sky. His wings beat with ease against the wind as he was brought higher into the sky.

"Yeah!" His rider's excited voice was drowned out by the wind, but there were hints of tension that rang into it. Toothless knew it was worry for his mother and her dragon. Wincing at not having told him his secret yet, Toothless tried to focus more on the wind that tugged at his frills. What a lovely day...

He could see many, many other dragons aiming their flight toward where they attended the Dragon Races. Some in particular would shout, "Long live Chief Hiccup!" or, "There goes Toothless!"

Hiccup patted him on the side of his head. "Easy competition, huh bud?" he whispered teasingly to him. Toothless rolled his eyes in amusement. "Like always," he returned, feeling a newer presence above him.

With shock he realized it was none other then the Desert Wraith which

had attacked him just hours before. He stared at the beast as she beat her wings in a relaxed motion. "Oi there!"

The human perched on Arenza's back waved at Hiccup. He had a sort of corrupted smile and Toothless felt a sense of dislike immediately.

Toothless could feel his rider gazing in awe. "Greetings... Could I ask the type of that dragon? It looks..."

"Like a Night Fury, I know," the rider continued, his goggles concealing his eyes and making it hard to guess what he was expressing. "This young girl is Arenza the Desert Wraith. You don't find those often, do ya now?" He touched Arenza's shoulder and she looked over at Toothless with a smirk before plunging down to become lost from sight with the hoard of dragons.

Hiccup stiffened, just staring at where they had vanished. "Whoa... What a dragon... I'll have to find him later on. I never saw him list in though. I think he's just one of the bystanders..."

Another conk blew, this time louder and this time bolder.

The dragon races were beginning.

That was one event to worry about.

But just thinking about Stormfly and now this Arenza pricked at his shoulders...

There was something going on around here.

And tonight he was to find out..

* * *

><p>Hey look! Suspense! So, I was searching for the right dragon other than a Whisper Death and came across a Desert Wraith. They are actually a species in How to Train Your Dragon and actually look very interesting. Problem was, there wasn't really anything about the dragon itself, so I created the unique traits of poison and that it can burrow into rocks, not just sand. So, I hope you liked this chapter and be sure to review :3! Until next time!**

13. Chapter 13

Dear my faithful readers, I sincerely apologize for the lack of posting and hope that I can do so more often. School has been distracted me from this tale and for that I am sorry ^^;. I shall try to become more active. Remember to please review :3! Anyways, enjoy Chapter 13!

* * *

><p>Darkness. The gloom closed around him, disabling light from penetrating his confinement. Toothless stiffened, his optics swerving around his enclosure in complete perplexity. ...He had been with Hiccup just moments ago... Now he was... Somewhere.

Growing more aware of his surroundings, he felt a disturbance in his wings. In vain, he attempted to pull at his right, attentive to the fact that they were stretched out. Chains moaned in response and pain exploded in him. Toothless cringed, seeking to explore whatever was holding him against his will. His vision seemed to refuse to adjust to the illicit obscurity of his location.

Something oozed down his forehead, immersing his snout with its warm, luscious scent. He was suddenly distracted by the notion to escape, his eyes drooping drowsily as it continued to slither down his muzzle. Somehow, something with the identical ambrosial taste had gotten into his maw, but it was not the strand slipping down his face. Finally, the liquid was in his range to lap up. The fragment was so very pleasant upon his nostrils... However, before he could reach out with his tongue, it dropped to the ground, an audible _ping _resounding through the area on which he stood trapped.

Disappointedly, he switched his gaze downward to examine where exactly it had fallen too. He could only get so far before his neck was jerked and the distinct sound of chains jarred his ears.

The sharp and robust movement sent a trail of agony cruising through him. As he felt this, however, he was brought back from his pensive state and into one of wariness. His eyes slitted in bewilderment. Whatever had been coated upon his forehead was some type of dragon drug!

>As much as he wanted to flinch away, he was drawn by a faint glow-the only thing that now illuminated his location with its faint glow. Although he couldn't actually make anything out, he was shocked to realize... He was a Stormcutter. To be more specific, he was Cloudjumper.

As if sensing his panic, something upon his head began to bubble. The balmy texture had been glazed upon his forehead and he slowly came to comprehend that what had been smeared upon it was nothing other then... A Fireflower?

No. It was the juice that had protruded from it. What Mace had been making... Toothless chose to let out a roar of outrage, but no sound came. Thoughts swirled in his head as he returned to his senses. If he was in Cloudjumper's body, that would surely mean the dragon was still alive... Or was this something from the past? Was he only thinking what to control even when it had already happened? This of course, left him in total confusion.

He was hindered by the soft patter of dragon claws. The dragon breathed in, venturing to ready his flames. He had seen what Cloudjumper was capable of and if he were in his consciousness then he'd at least try. No warmth swelled into his chest. No gas stirred in his throat. It was empty. _Empty.

>The image of water came into his puzzled mind. This Fireflower must have the same effect! No wonder whoever had done this had poured it upon his forehead!

Involuntary fear sudden came over him as the movement of the being got closer. As he listened, he could make out two. He shifted anxiously, the chains rattling in return. There was a rumble, dust peppering his dull scales. Light flickered at a minute entrance- it

now being exposed to whoever was pushing the barrier. This hinted his settings as he remembered the time where he too had been trapped in a cave. Was that where he was? There was no time to answer his own question as a human face appeared.

Toothless himself did not have the urge to feel fear, but for some reason he did. Was this what Cloudjumper was feeling?

"Ah, he's awake!" The human smirked, producing a spear from the darkness. He tensed, feeling his scales go numb with angst. Toothless awaited for the second creature to emerge into view, but so far he could not sight it.

The light on which the human held was doing its best to enhance his vision, but curiously enough he still couldn't make out the interior walls. He was drawn away from his conclusion to where he was, watching as the human hefted his spear and aim it at one of his horns.

"Oh what I'd give to have me one of those.." A nefarious chuckle reverberated throughout the cavern-this he was sure of, but his exact location above ground...

"But of course, *he* *wants* you to be one of his trophies... Hah! I'll break you. Your rider will be a lost memory when I'm through with you. You'll be mine." This time, Toothless achieved growling, but it came out louder than he had expected. No. The rage he felt wasn't his. It was Cloudjumper's. It was if the Night Fury had been caging a beast within himself-all fear gone. Maybe just the concept of someone bringing Cloudjumper against Valka had risen him to anger.

The human paused cautiously and had the mind to back up a step. "Hmm... It's wearing off already... What shame; you slept through it. Hellivi!"_ His shout sent a jolt within the cave.

The name withdrew him into alarm for what he saw was nothing other than a Skrill! The dragon lazily prowled in-her claws having the indistinguishable rhythm of what he had heard when they had both arrived. She stared up at him, her eyes lighting up as small sparks zapped around her scales.

"Now, he did said he wanted this Stormcutter intact... He never said he cared if it got wounded." Toothless got a pretty good idea who this 'he' was, but he had other things to worry about as the Skrill sniggered at her rider's statement.

"Hellivi, pain," he ordered and with that her fangs and scales illuminated with a light blue glow. He watched helplessly as the Skrill charged him; the chains holding him steadfast. She leaped at him, eyes alight with malice and then...

"...There goes Geir and Knut, straight toward the basket! That black sheep looks about to score him a good amount of points. Just to win the game!" A dragon and its rider were circling the race, the human upon it shouting the news into a conk.

Toothless on the other paw looked as if he had been roused from a nightmare. The only exception was that it had been real. He wanted to spring to his paws and dart to the closest cavern and search for Cloudjumper. Just thinking about how he would have felt if he had

remained inside the Stormcutter's mind as the Skrill knocked into him. He shuddered at unimaginable pain... He couldn't even have defended himself! He let out a growl of determination. Toothless knew for certain that they weren't going to kill Cloudjumper.. However, they had been torturing him! And what had the human meant by 'breaking' him? Were they going to drug him to fight for his side? He couldn't help but think about Drago Bludvist's Bewilderbeast forcing him to end Stoic's life...

"You alright?" came a whisper. The black dragon looked over at his rider who had left his throne-like seating and was crouching beside him. He then lowered his cranium, emitting a light toned croon, indicating his distress. At this, Hiccup frowned then gestured to one of the men which the Night Fury came to realize was Eret.

"Could you get Toothless some water? I think he's parched." The former dragon-trapper hesitated for a few moments. "He looks fine to me," was the answer that Hiccup received.

Although he wasn't actually inclined to the fact of drinking water at the moment, he glanced at Eret with a delirious look. He sighed. "Very well, Hiccup, but don't you dare think that you are beating me, you hear?"

His rider smiled. "Thank you for understanding, Eret. I would have gone if I could but..." He mentioned to the race that was still in-play. Eret rolled his eyes but eventually returned Hiccup's grin. "I'll be back," he promised, calling for Skullcrusher. Toothless's scales stood on end as he watched the Rumblehorn rush up to his rider at the mention of his name.

As Eret vanished from view, Hiccup scrummaged in his pockets and generated a small container. It's contents held a lemon-colored hue. Toothless recoiled, letting a hiss of surprise escape him. This earned him a few stares from the audience, though they were quickly mesmerized by the ongoing race. Overhead, the human continued shouting into the conk yet... Toothless wasn't paying attention. His optics was trained solely onto that of the small container. It's vibrant shade of yellow was exactly like the hypnotizing liquid.

"Bud? You alright?" Toothless blinked at his rider before nodding his head. Hiccup stared at him for a few moments before pouring the substance on his left palm. "Valka told me to put this on your paw," he told him. "Just in case it starts up again."

That in mind, he extended his paw feeling Hiccup rub the glutinous ointment on the fading cut. A low purr escaped him though it was quickly battered away by the horrifying thought of the Skrill slowly barreling toward him... Her claws glistening with electricity... About to-

"_Whoa! _And Geir is knocked off his Timberjack!" Toothless jerked his head at the abrupt statement and lay immovable as he watched the boy plummeting toward the ground. Blood roared in his ears as he glimpsed Vanquisher smirking. Mace jerked their reigns obviously amused at what they had done.

"Well?! Someone save him!" A woman shouted from the crowd. Nobody moved but just watched as he descended down, down, down.

Knut had other plans to let his rider become a smashed pancake. He dipped down, snagging his talons around the boy's waist before flapping his wings in a strong movement. Toothless struggled to his paws yet slumped down again. His heart thudded faster against his chest as the presence of two dragons came into mind. How he felt them, he didn't know, but their essence wasn't a kind one. They were readying themselves at a hidden angle-so as he couldn't actually sight what they were. The only thing he did know was that they were targeting the recuperating team.

How could he warn them? His forehead gave a heated glow and he focused on the Timberjack.

The last thing he saw was Hiccup sitting tense beside him then...

He was in the air, feeling concern and outrage prick at his chest. He sensed his rider safely tucked in his talons and uttered a low growl. The dragon could still hear the beating of his heart. Another grumble came from his maw as he flipped over in an aerial control movement. His talons disengaged from the boy's clothes and _thud. _Geir safely perched on his back.

Toothless was baffled by what he was involuntarily doing. He was just inside the Timberjack's mind... Toothless was merely feeling what he was doing! No. He couldn't have that. He had to take over somehow.

He tried not to plunge deep into thoughts of Drago's Bewilderbeast, but found that he couldn't. It was so strange having the presence of wind and other noises around you yet you couldn't shift a muscle.

How did he do this? For a heartbeat he panicked. How about he could never escaped the Timberjack's mind? Knut was winging toward a sheep and also toward the first concealed dragon. Toothless concentrated on the horizon, sewing his conscience into the Timberjack's. The dragon let out an alarming roar of confusion before the Night Fury was slammed into power over his body.

At first he was dully aware of an incoming sheep before recognition alerted him. Toothless jerked upward just in time to listen to a surprised grunt. He now had a clear view of the dragon lurking in the shadows of a cottage. Its eyes locked onto his and for a moment he stood stock-still. He was about to lunge when he felt a small tap on his head.

"Come on Knut! What are you waiting for!?" There came a flash of green and a strange colored Changewing darted past. His eyes narrowed but he came to note how Timberjack's vision weren't as well as a Night Fury's.

"Knut, _come on,"_ Geir repeated but Toothless continued to beat his wings, remaining in position. Was the dragon going to attack? Acid plucked the sheep from the air, managing to cling to it before speeding toward the baskets.

He lingered in the air for a few more moments, baffled. Had the dragon not meant harm? He stared stupidly at where the sheep had been just seconds ago before feeling another anxious tug from the reins he

had around his throat.

"KNUT!"

Toothless veered away, abruptly sensing another entity inside his head. 'Who are you? Get out of my body!' Toothless identified the real Tumberjack's voice as he made his way rapidly toward the Changewing. Where were the other riders? To come and think of it... There were suppose to be six in the ring! He merely saw Acid in front of him.

>'Who are you?' The question once more resonated in his head making him wince at the strength of the voice. 'That is of no importance,' he returned. '...I am solely protecting you and your rider. Did you not see the dragons about to ambush you?'<p>

He was gaining on Acid but the Changewing was also arriving to his location.

'No,' came the response. 'Whoever you are, just please allow me to return to the race.' Toothless paused for a moment, pondering anxiously on how to leave this body. He focused on the hazy outline of a Night Fury, shut his eyes and he was him again.

Eret had returned and both were staring inquisitively at the race. "Here's your water," Hiccup stated, passing a bowl to him. However, Toothless couldn't move. The dragon felt so very exhausted. His vision was distorted as he glanced at his rider. The human paused before patting him gingerly on his head. "Are you alright?" It was the very same question he had inquired when he had returned from Cloudjumper's mind.

He meekly acknowledge his hand before using the rest of his energy to quaff up the transparent liquid. With that he went limp.

* * *

><p>Toothless hurtled himself to his paws, feeling the warmth of the sun overhead. In addition, a soft, mild gale gingerly pushed against his wings. Not only did he enjoy the sensation but it also caused a disturbance of the trees above. He lifted his face, letting the light and shadow dance across his scales. Bees hummed in and out of the pennyroyal. The dragon inhaled its minty smell and continued on, delighting in the sound of his feet sliding through the leaves.<p>

Where was he? He hoped he was not in another being. To be certain he wasn't, he stared down at the ground, fixing his gaze on his paws. They were normal.

Slightly reassured by the fact, he continued shuffling through the detritus, hearing the sounds of squirrels chattering skyward. Fallen trees were strewn in odd pattern as insects weaved themselves amongst the decaying flora. Sparsely placed toadstools littered the ground and he glimpsed clumps of hassocks nestled beneath clusters of damp moss. The grating noises of the trees repeated and he relished in the comforting smell of the cranberries.

Again he thought of the question, 'where was he?'

His legs brushed up against underfoot and against his legs and soon a

cedar-like scent greeted him. Harmonic music floated from a strange looking hut. It was basically cut down trees cluttered together to make a shelter. At first he was wary of any human activity. But then again, Hiccup was safe wasn't he? He did not sense nor hear any hostile enterprise from within and decided it was safe. As he neared it, the sweet odor of wildflowers welcomed him. His wings extended slightly as he made to step forward. How was he supposed to sneak in without possibly scaring the human inside? If there was even one!

His talons crunched against the leaves as he witnessed stagnant pools of water. They looked pure and healthy thus giving him more confidence. He doubted a nefarious human would not pass the chance to stain perfect water.

Toothless pushed at the rotting wooden door and it easily gave way to his small amount of strength. The sharp musky whiff of the interior made him want to back out, but he held his ground as he fascinated at the collection of carved dragons.

"Whoa," he breathed, nudging one that looked nearly identical to him. Exceptâ€¦ It had the same markings as didâ€¦

"Night Lyric!" he gasped, holding his baffled stare.

"Ohâ€¦ A Night Furyâ€¦" A voice sounded behind him and he turned aggressively, his eyes slits in alarm.

"Please, I mean no harm." It was a young boy around his twenties, his eyes glinting with panic, resentment and grief. The look made the dragon relax, but he kept a distrustful eye on him.

In his hands he held a bluish hued orb on which he clutched to his chest carefully as if it were his very life essence. He was prudent at the feel of the spheres power and quickly turned to leave. Pity or not, he wasn't about to get killed.

He heard a thud and peered over his shoulder. The boy had dropped to his knees. "Please! I must speak with you. â€¦Pleaseâ€¦"

Toothless hesitated before giving an annoyed snort. He turned back to the boy, sympathy winning him. Or had it been curiosity? He glimpsed the figurine of Night Lyric and returned to facing the younger human.

The boy, however, was not meeting his gaze and instead was looking at the wooden carving of the Night Fury.

"She's with you," he murmured. "I can feel it. Please O great beast. Please tell her I am sorry."

Toothless stared at him in confusion. What was he speaking of?

"I should have never done it to Night Lyricâ€¦ You know her. I know you do. Please." He stared at the invisible point beginning to tremble.

Then it hit him.

This humanâ€¦ This boy sitting in front of him was nothing other then

the human which had betray Night Lyric.

14. Chapter 14

I hope you all had the best of holidays and a marvelous New Year! I finally got the chance to update! I dearly hope you enjoy this chapter, it explains some things of Night Lyric's past **:3... I love feedback, so be sure to try and leave a review! Anyways, cheers!**

* * *

><p>Blood commenced roaring in his ears as the realization came to be. The urge to protect overwhelmed him until a mighty snarl erupted from his maw.<p>

"How dare you." His icy tone was slicked with malice and he wished upon anything thisâ€| this foul _thing _could know what he had said.

>Although humans lacked knowledge of dragon speech, they could still determine outrage from tranquility.<p>

The human stumbled backward in alarm, his hands pushing out in front of him to expose the azure jewel. The sphere caught his eye once again and he recoiled-somewhat like the human had done when growled at.

Now that he had a closer examination towards it, he could discern sparks dancing within, making the insides glitter occasionally before dulling. Then the sphere repeated the same process.

Before he could regain his balance from his recent flinch, the boy spoke, "I am Fenrisâ€| I know you must be mad, but pleaseâ€| Listen."

Toothless refused to listen to his plea once again affected by the sense to defend. A ballistic noise initiated in his throat as he charged a plasma blast.

_Toothless, no! _He faintly remembered Hiccup's shout when the Bewilderbeast had possessed his mind. Then came Stoick limply slumped against the ground but he was too enraged to care. His hazel-green optics flashed with blue as he released his fire.
>Smoke billowed ubiquitously from where he stood.<p>

He stiffened noticing what he had done. "Noâ€|" he whispered, trying to stare inside the gray vapor yet to no avail. A shiver was sent down his spine as he waited to see the human he had killed.

Toothless felt his wings flex impatiently and he forced them to clear the interior of the house. Was he afraid that he had murdered yet another being? But the boy had deserved it, had he not?

Had Stoick deserved it? The query drifted into his mind and he attempted to chase it out.

'I'm sorry.' _The boy had simply wanted forgiveness. Toothless clenched his teeth, flattening his ears. How many more times did he

have to rip another life from an entityâ€|? Was this how the Gods were going to curse him?

He collapsed onto the ground, tucking his paws beneath his chin. Why had he persisted coming into the forest? Yetâ€| He couldn't recall setting paw onto these dreaded landsâ€| Toothless could merely evoke the sole memory upon when he had fainted. Then this was surely aâ€|

"You can't harm me here, Night Fury." He jerked his head around unintentionally jarring his head against the table. Fenris could only just barely contain his anxiety as he pressed himself further against the wall.

"This is a dream. And thisâ€|" He presented the orb from where he sat. "Is a Dreamvisitor."

The ancient term for the extremely sacred treasure rang in his ears causing the tension within his shoulders to intensify. That would only mean one thingâ€| He was in the depths of sleep. But thenâ€| What happened to the races!?

"I've b-been trying to contact you yet each time it seems that you are awakeâ€|"

This caused Toothless to frown. If the boy wanted to apologize to Night Lyric, why not send the message to her instead of him? How did Fenris even have the insight that he knew her?

Again, the feeling of upmost wariness returned giving him the impression to back away. Then again, this was very well a dream. Why was he continuing to grow strained?

There was no trace of exuberance in the room as they held each other's stares. It was only when Fenris looked away that Toothless emitted a small, brittle hiss.

"Well?" The dragon was beginning to grow testy, trying to shake away the thought that he could have ended Fenris's life if not for being a reverie.

Drawing his wits, he peered again at Toothless, clutching the Dreamvisitor tensely against his chest. The Alpha soon came aware of his scintillatingly green eyes. Fenris blinked as if seeking what Toothless wanted.

Toothless rolled his eyes in a facetious manner; irked by the human's incompetence. Did it not know _anything _about dragons? Surely he should know a piece since he had been Night Lyric's rider?

Night Lyric! His optics narrowed in Fenris's direction. Did he have anything to do with her disappearance?
>Don't get flustered, Toothless. Stay calm.<p>

His gaze somewhat softened at Fenris yet he held a few hints of hostility. If only he could facilitate the conversation.

He ventured a different approach. Maybe a look of what he was saying?

"How do you know I know who Night Lyric is?" Using his keen intelligence, he pointed to the figure of the female Night Fury then to himself.

What he earned was a blank and confused stare from Night Lyric's former rider.

"I know you can understand me," Fenris started. "But _I _cannot grasp what you are trying to tell me. I use to know how to speak dragoneseâ€|" he trailed off.

Toothless's frills stood erect at his statement. He knew Hiccup could partially comprehend what the Night Fury was sayingâ€| Valka could do the same. Yet someone who could _speak _it? Gothi was the only actual human that he knew could do so!

His gaze switched from one of irritated to inquisitive.

"How so?" he pressed. Fenris faltered, turning to stare at the orb in his palms.

"â€|Do not mock me," he suddenly snapped, his voice becoming considerably hysterical. "I have done a tragic mistake and I want to fix it. She took that abilityâ€| No, I meant _I-_"

Before he could go on, Toothless leaped to his paws seeming to grow in size as he extended his wings. Did this human merely want to repent to get his gift back?

Fenris pressed himself closer to the corner as the Night Fury's rage rekindled.

"What did I say?!" he yelped, flinging his hands in front of his face, bringing the orb up with the motion. How foolish could this boy be? First he felt pity for him and nowâ€| _This. _

Before he could give another of his vicious snarl, both of Fenris's sleeves rolled down to elbow-length. However, only his left arm caught the Night Fury's eyes.

There was a bracelet attached to his wrist showing an exact replica to the one Night Lyric had.

Fenris looked over, pinpointing the spot Toothless was gazing at.

"Oh, this?" He stretched out his limb, the chain connected to the trinket rattling in response.

The Night Fury reached to sniff it yet scented nothing. He reminded himself this was a dream.

Toothless veered to his right, nudging the tiny wooden Night Lyric. He could glimpse her chain around her left paw. The dragon turned back toward Fenris.

>He had gotten to his feet and was ambling toward Toothless. The Night Fury took a few paces back until he was up against the wall. He wanted to keep his distance from the boy.<p>

Fenris moved the sphere gingerly to his left hand before gathering

the miniature copy of the female Night Fury.

"The chain?" he probed, cocking his head. "We both have it... and-" before he could continue Toothless growled, pointing with his snout toward Fenris then the dragon.

"W-what?" he stuttered, bewildered.

Toothless imitated the movement.

"Do you simply want her just to use her?" he abruptly exploded, a roar being torn out from him. His spines lit up intensely, bathing the room in its blue light.

>Fenris's Dreamvisitor reacted to the Alpha's charged state. The azure color washed onto the boy's face, lighting up his fear.<p>

Toothless convulsed, burning out his extra amount of power. The dragon casted the boy a glare, yet that was all.

"I didn't mean it like that." Fenris spoke in a near whisper, the gem in his hands also loosing its additional gleam. "I should have never given her to _him. _I was the cause of loosing our link."

For a moment, Toothless could feel a hint of empathy seeping into his scales. He snorted, chasing the sensation away. Fenris had stuttered on too many words and how Night Lyric talked about humans... About one forsaking her...

"I'll take you back!"

The voice shattered his pensive mood and he swiveled his neck to catch a better look at the boy. "Finally," he muttered, twitching his tail. He didn't want to remain here.

Fenris hesitantly neared him-much to Toothless's discomfort. Toothless jerked backward, exposing his fangs in selfdefense. "Stay back," he warned.

The boy was so brisk, Toothless had a difficult time processing what had happened. Fenris lunged forward, the scent of desperation warm in Toothless's nostrils. Then, with a gentle tap, he brought the Dreamvisitor onto his head. The sphere was frosty and somewhat damp. An eerie shudder passed down his wings and the atmosphere around them changed to the exact frigid climate as the orb.

Attentive that his eyes had been shut, he gradually began to open them. Toothless stiffened, taking no familiarity with his surroundings. He peered sideways, trying to spot Fenris. There was nothing but snow. Dismay rushed into him. How about Fenris had sent him back but to a distant island? His next pinpoint was toward his tail. He couldn't fly without Hiccup...

"Where are they? Please..."

The intimate squeak brought his attention. Toothless padded forward in astonishment. _Speak again, _he pleaded in his mind, not wanting to loose what he had heard. Despite the fact he could hear the words clearly, he couldn't quite scent other dragons. Had he imagined it?

"Dead."

It was a deeper, courser tone unlike the other entity. He skidded nearly slipping on the snow. _Where was it coming from?

>Although there was an emphasis of harshness, a hint of pity had drifted into the dragon's voice.

"...They can't be dead! Mummy and papa will come for me. Y-you'll see!"

Toothless avoided slamming his head against a tree, skittering around its bole and dashing closer...

"They aren't coming back." The one who had said this was definitely a male. "Believe me."

The Alpha's breath was caught in his throat, vapor drifting from his maw.

"T-then where are you taking me? I want to go home! I want my parents!" The little hatchling was nearby and so was the larger, adolescent one.

No response arrived and silence followed, rendering Toothless hopeless upon finding them. _No..._

He had the knowledge to know what was going on. '_I'll take you back.'_ Fenris's words rang inside his mind. He hadn't meant to Berk... He meant in time.

The dragon plowed through the snow, seeking what he knew was a smaller version of Night Lyric and an unknown dragon. _Talk once more... _He paused, waiting for a reply given from the adult dragon. His frills twitched in agitation as the air grew crisp around him. His breath could be seen in puffs of vapor, sending a chill through his body. _Speak... _

By this time, he knew something was wrong. Ominous storm clouds were gathering overhead, shadowing the great beast with warning of an oncoming storm. The wind whistled in his ears, nearly muffling the sounds of wing-beats overhead.

>His head jerked skywards and he spotted a sleek, gray speck flying toward the horizon. "Another Night Fury..." he breathed in awe, watching it disappear. A distressed cry of longing interrupted him.<p>

Night Lyric.

Toothless sprinted forth, following the noise of the disturbance. Finally, he erupted into a clearing, spotting a feeble baby Night Fury. Her pitiful cries ebbed like the wind and her head lulled dully to one side. She was shivering.

The Alpha curled around her, hoping to give the deprived hatchling some warmth. Then a troubling truth came over him... He couldn't act in any circumstances while he was here. He was just a mere ghost, watching what had happened in the past. She must be alive presently, so how could this little cub of her former self be killed now?

As if somehow feeling his presence, Night Lyric huddled closer against Toothless. She continued shivering, which denied the concept that he could help.

>"...I...I m-miss my parents," she whispered, sputtering with pain. "I...w-want them h-here..."<p>

"Shhh, it will be alright," Toothless promised, giving her the only comforting words he knew. He had never loss someone in that particular way, only one dragon that pained him to discuss. However, he had literally lost his family when he was captured by the humans. The dragon hadn't seen them since.

The gale picked up aggression, creating a worse scenario for the poor, freezing cub. The mix of snow and hail began thrumming on the ground, piercing it with its unforgiving bite.

"A...Ahh... I-it's... cold... H-help me..." she murmured, quivering violently.

"It's going to be alright," Toothless assured her, attempting to nudge her cheek to give her his encouragement. Yet as he did so, his muzzle merely floated right through the cub. This, of course, troubled him deeply and he was forced to rest his chin once again beside hers. His wing extended-as if to make a small tent over her. "I'll protect you..." he whispered. "I promise."

It could have been a few moments or a few hours but he was awakened, nonetheless, by a fiery light in the distance. Its luminosity bathed the snow with its red radiance, staining it as if it were blood.

Toothless nearly cursed for his imprudence; he had fallen asleep! The trees creaked as the turbulent winds tore at their roots, trying their best to break them. The hail had persisted relentlessly, damaging whatever it made contact with. It was so gloomy that it resembled the night.

>He leaned down, checking on Night Lyric. She was motionless. The dragon's optics slit in alarm. She's going to be alright... She's going to be alright...

"H-hello?" There came a voice and Toothless was soon to notice that whoever was carrying the lantern had been ambling their direction the entire time. The figure's outline was visible through the thick storm as it approached.

The Night Fury got a pretty good glance at him as he set down his lantern and crouched beside Night Lyric. It was Fenris! But like Night Lyric, he was younger, almost like when Toothless first met Hiccup.

Fenris gasped, pressing his hand against her flank. He recoiled immediately as if she was too cold to touch. He opened his fur coat, shuddering slightly as the wind took the chance to worm its frigid current into his chest. Forfending the gusts as best he could, he picked up Night Lyric's lightweight body, clutching her to his chest. With her in that position, he buckled back his coat, draping the warm clothing around them.

Toothless simply watched, fearing for Night Lyric's safety. After

all, the boy did seem to have frostbite and the hail seemed to have been getting to him. What if he died? _Gah! But he's alive! He's the one that brought me here. Why must time be so confusing?_

With his right hand, he hugged his coat in an awkward fashion, preventing Night Lyric from slipping back into the snow. With his left, he grabbed a hold of his lantern. He veered the way he had come, limping as he did so.

Toothless tagged along, yet at a distance. He was still wary of what could occur while in the past. Was this the same as Alpha Vision? Or was it actually Alpha Vision, enhanced by a mere human?

Fenris trudged onward, wincing on every step he took. "We'll make it," he kept repeating, mist billowing from his frosted lips. His face had turned pale as the wind beat down on it, not to mention the hail whipping at pieces of his exposed flesh. As to where Fenris was taking Night Lyric was unknown to him as he trotted after the duo.

The boy misjudged a stride and nearly slipped in the process. The wind seemed to be cheering his misfortune as it too joined in the ploy of unbalancing. However, Fenris held his equity and marched on with a look of triumph.

"Nearly there," Fenris muttered, glaring at the incessant snow. Through the haze, Toothless could see a silhouette looming through the blizzard. _A house!

>Upon seeing this himself, the boy hurried forward, reaching the shelter in a matter of moments. However, a mountain of snow was gathered in front of his home's entrance. He dropped his lantern, the fire dangerously dimming. Fenris ignored it. He dropped to the floor, disentangling his coat from himself. He then re-bundled Night Lyric inside before scrabbling his hands at the snow. Now without the protection of warmth, the boy began to shudder. Unlike dragons, Toothless had seen that humans were not capable of remaining in extreme temperatures for a long period of time.

"Come on... Come on... Let me through!" Frantically, he created a hole large enough to squeeze through. He kicked open the door, the wind following after him. He returned outside, retrieving Night Lyric's limp body. With her safely cradled in his arms, he raced back to the interior of the house. The boy heaved the door shut, using his entire source of strength to do so. Just as he managed to close the opening to his house, Toothless slipped inside.

Apparently Fenris didn't mind leaving his lantern in the storm for he showed no sign of withdrawing outdoors. He reached out with his clammy hands, searching for something. In Toothless's point of view, he watched in bewilderment as Fenris grabbed two stones. The boy looked both relieved and delighted to have found them. He backed away from the location on which they had been located and moved toward the center of the back wall. Once there, he rubbed the rocks together, creating a spark. The tiny flare dropped onto what seemed to be logs. Fenris ducked down, lightly blowing at the ember. Toothless cocked his head, puzzled. Wasn't this what Hiccup always did to create fire? As soon as he thought this, the petite flare ignited into a raging fire, solely controlled by the firewood inside. He flinched backwards, smiling at his accomplishment.

>The fire, for a brief time, seemed to be offering respite from the

blizzard outside. A dance of light and shadows spilled from the fireplace, glinting off frost on the window, turning the living room into a sanctuary of warm air.<p>

Sweat dripped from the boy's hydrous face as he crawled over to fetch Night Lyric. "You are safe now," he told her, picking the coat and the tiny dragon before carrying them to the fireplace. The hearth crackled with glee as if happy to be in action once more. Toothless stretched his neck, glimpsing Night Lyric's flank rise and fall raggedly. At least she was alive.

>Knowing that she had been safely placed near the healthy heat, Fenris disappeared into another corridor. Toothless had an urge to follow and explore, yet his instincts warned him to remain beside the cub. Already, the hatchling was finally shifting, her azure stare trailing around the room.<p>

Soon afterwards, Fenris emerged from where he had vanished, carrying a sack of some kind. Toothless watched as he neared her, yet in an abrupt motion, Night Lyric's head snapped around.

>Transfixed by the Night Fury, Fenris could only view as Night Lyric managed to get to her paws, probably not wanting risk to scaring her. She looked delicate, yet noble. However, the near-death experience must have had her wary for she stared at the human in shock.<p>

"It's alright," he told her softly, opening the pouch. He grabbed a hold of something tiny within, offering it to the dragon. She paused, suspiciously eyeing his palm. Toothless could see that it was a bit of fresh fish.

>Firstly, the hatchling smelled the slice cautiously, then jabbed its head forward like a snake and snatched the meat from his fingers, swallowing it whole with a distinctive jerk. Her optics widened as she prodded Fenris's hand for more.<p>

He wavered with wonder, taking yet another piece from the leather-encasement. He fed her and Toothless could see how careful he was to keep his fingers out of the way. This made his face wrinkle with amusement. Some bite that would be. By the time the sack was mostly empty, Night Lyric's belly was bulging. He proffered what Toothless guessed was the final piece. The female Night Fury stared at it for a moment, considering, then looked away.

Her eyes clouded immediately after she had nothing to distract her from troubling memories. "Where are my parents?" she whimpered, staring around with a hurt look. "I want my parents."

Fenris-noting something was amiss with the hatchling-rubbed his hand soothingly down her head. "Don't worry. You are safe."

"Safe?" Night Lyric echoed, staring up at him. He scratched her around her left ear, making her hum in satisfaction. "You are safe," he repeated.

"Safe," she hummed, replying to Fenris's statement.

Toothless twitched his ear. The humming which she was emitting was awfully lulling and the lids of his eyes began to close.

"I'll name you Night Lyric," Fenris murmured, he too seeming to be sleepy. "Night Lyric."

Toothless blinked and the scenery changed. The house was empty, the hearth had been burnt out, and there was no storm raging outside. Fresh sunlight casted shadows to different corners of the house, resembling Hiccup's own.

He stumbled to his paws, suddenly hearing muffled voices outside.

"Hey! No fair!"

The Alpha raced outside-melting through the door as if it had never existed-before spotting Fenris and Night Lyric. This time, the dragon looked older, nearly coming to Fenris's waist.

>Surprisingly, she had a saddle against her back. The dragon was pinning down the boy under her.
"You loose, I win!" she stated contently, springing off him. "Victory is mine!"

Fenris rolled his eyes to the dragon's gloating and charged her. "Here I come!" he laughed.

Night Lyric lazily evaded his attack, grabbing hold of his shoulders once more and shoving him to the ground. "Thrice in a roll, Fenrir. Are you even trying?" She yawned, settling down on the grass.

"Giving up are we?" the boy smirked, crossing his arms. He ran forward, placed his hands on her neck and attempted to shove her down... yet to no avail. "Ah come on-"

"Fenrir! Where are you?"

Night Lyric's frills shot up and she pushed past Fenrir in alarm.

"Go girl," he whispered softly. "Coming ma!"

The background changed once again and Toothless viewed Night Lyric, a bit older and larger then she had been the second time it had changed. Fenrir, too, looked a bit more aged as he held two thick shackles in his hand.

"Night Lyric... A-are you ready?" he asked, looking at her. The Night Fury nodded in encouragement, smiling. "We can finally communicate with each other... Well, you can to me. I hope these Draco Bracelets work..." He clipped one on to himself, then gingerly, he bent down and clicked it on to his dragon. Both bracelets began to glow forthwith, matching that of the sun's radiance.

>Then the light vanished and so did the two beings for Toothless found himself in another scene.
He was levitating in the air, wind brushing playfully at his face. Night Lyric was flying, Fenris neatly upon her back. "Ready girl?" he questioned. "Ready," she replied. Fenris grinned, grabbing hold of the reigns.

"Here we go...!" The breeze strengthened as they dived. It tugged at Fenris's hair, leaving him breathless with excitement.

"It's beautiful," Night Lyric shouted through the rush of the wind. "Indeed it is," Fenris responded, staring at the incoming ocean below. Night Lyric's wings extended with a shrill snap and the ocean

surged with her burst of speed.

Again, their surroundings switched. This time, however, it was grimmer than the first one. It was nightfall and Fenris was facing two hidden humans, speaking in low tones. Toothless stepped forward, noticing the village for the first time. Everyone had disappeared into their shelters either in fear or exhaustion.

"We'll give you gold and silver for the trade of that dragon," one of them was saying. It was oddly familiar and Toothless stiffened in shock. The one who had spoken was no one other than Drago Bludvist!

"I would never-" Fenris started, but was interrupted by the other one-who was concealed in shadow. "Listen, do you want to save your mother or do you want to keep that darned beast with you? Decide, eh."

The boy stared at the man then at Drago. "I... I..."

"Show him the coins," Drago sniffed, crossing his arms. "Maybe he'd think twice about giving away his pet." Toothless took an intake of breath as he realized the other man was Mace! What were they both doing together? He never thought... His heart pounded against his chest with outrage. _The nerve to come to Berk!_

Mace opened a large container, the contents inside being filled with coins upon imagination. Fenris froze once again, an unknown battle raging in his mind.

>"Fine," he said, wincing. "I'll do it."<p>

"That a boy," Drago chuckled, slapping him across the back. "Now get your reptile out here."

"My mother and the money first," he snapped. Mace turned to look at Drago, searching for approval.

"Ah, wait boy. You bring us the lizard, then we'll give you what you want."

Fenris huffed and turned away. "Night Lyric!" he called.

Mace and Drago exchanged looks of surprise and disgust. "You named a killer... Night Lyric?"

Fenris ignored him.

The black and royal blue dragon came charging out of the midst of the night. Her fangs bared as she caught sight of the two strangers. "Who are they?" she hissed, tensing her shoulders. Fenris did not reply, instead he reached into his pocket and drew a flask of yellow liquid. Toothless knew all too well what that was.

"Night Lyric! No!" he shouted, yet no one heard.

"What's that?" Drago inquired in annoyance. "It..." Fenris detached the lid from the flask, draining it onto Night Lyric's forehead before she could comprehend what was happening. "...Prevents them from attacking."

Drago nodded. "Interesting. Mace, get the rope." From his neck, Mace untied a sturdy piece of leather, tying it roughly around her throat.

"Careful with her!" Fenris gasped. Mace sneered, tossing him the small casket of gold and silver. Coins spilled from the insides and Night Lyric's eyes widened. "Y-you... Sold me!" she stuttered. "Fenris..." she trailed off, becoming drowsy as the Fire Flower took its toll. "Come on," Drago barked. "Oh and Mace, tell the guards to let go of his mother, we are leaving."

"Of course sir," he stated, turning away. Fenris dropped to his knees, just watching as they took away his dragon. "I'm so sorry."

Toothless was falling into blackness. He saw no more signs of trees nor anything living. Just a dark area similar to when he had been Cloudjumper for a short time.

"Fenris, why?" It was Night Lyric's voice. It was cracked with despair and grief. "I am so sorry..." This time it was Fenris's voice, echoing through the gloom.

"...Why...?"

"...Please, forgive me..."

The words continued to resound in the darkness, filling him with dread. However, a newer verse came into play, resonating in the gloom.

"The white flower of the night is coming... Be wary... Harsh times are coming... The dragons' end is drawing closer..."

He then felt someone pushing at his snout. The stale smell of musk and sweat greeted him as his eyes snapped open. "Here, water." It was Hiccup's voice! His rider offered him a pail of water, apparently brought by Eret. Greedily, the dragon quaffed down the liquid, relishing the cold on his parched tongue.

The Night Fury stared around, wondering what had transpired. Fenris... Night Lyric... It was all so baffling! And at the same time... He could make sense out of it all. No wonder Night Lyric detested humans so much. _"Why...?" _Her hurt voice sounded in his ears and he winced. Who knows what Draco had done to her... And Mace! He had been there as well! Where was that scoundrel? Then he froze, attempting to recall the last words.. What had it said?

Before he could draw them into mind, Hiccup spoke.

"You were out for nearly an hour. Did you have a heat-stroke?"

Toothless stared at his rider in astonishment. An hour? It had felt like days!

>He shook his head at Hiccup's theory. The only thing he wanted to do was tell him all that had occurred.<p>

If only I had one of those Draco Bracelets... he thought bitterly. _We would have put them to greater use._

"I'll have to cancel our Category then," Hiccup stated. "I don't think you are fit on going and its probably best not to push you in case you get more hurt. We'll just wait for the fete, alright?"

Toothless's ears rung with dismay. There was no way he was about to make Hiccup miss out on this! But how about his rider was right? How about he accidentally went into another's mind and caused havoc through the arena?

No... He couldn't just allow fear to cause him to cower. He lurched to his paws, gaining his balance. His muscled ached as if he had been flying for an extremely long period of time and his vision blurred once or twice before settling into their normal state.

Toothless concealed his grimace with a forced smile, hoping his rider would be convinced he was in perfect condition.

Hiccup frowned at him. "Aren't you-" He was interrupted as Astrid shouted, "Hiccup! Are you prepared?"

Using his distraction as an advantage, Toothless barged passed his rider and toward Astrid. Maybe if he looked encouraged to go...>It was a miracle the dragon hadn't stumbled yet. His legs screamed to stop, agony exploding in them with each stride he took. He halted in front of Astrid, looking back to see if Hiccup was following.<p>

"You are one fast dragon," Hiccup said, smiling. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

It took most of his will and effort to croon in response.

Astrid cocked her head. "Is something wrong?"

"Naw, Toothless just had some sleeping problems."

"I see." Her light blue racing paint glittered in the sunlight. "Well, come on. We gotta get to our stations."

"Yeah... Right!" Hiccup answered, beckoning to Toothless.

* * *

><p>Every time-before a race-both dragons and riders were to be put inside a rather small space. Once there, they were to wait until the conk sounded. Afterwards, the doors connecting to the entrance would open and they were allowed access to begin the race.<p>

Toothless was agitated in the tiny area. His spines radiated with light, filling the muddy interior with its glow. Hiccup was perched on his back, tense and alert. "Are you ready?" he heard him whisper. The Alpha nodded, anticipating the doors to swing forward. However, nothing stirred.

His breaths grew into pants as Hiccup's weight dawned on him. It was simple carrying him around, yet today...

He cringed.

_Drip... Drip... _He tried to concentrate on the sound. Maybe if he listened to the noise, he would stray from his pain. Yet before he could fully do so, there came a rambunctious sound. The entry to the outside was opened. Light exploded inside, causing his optics to slit in surprise.

"Toothless! Go!" Hiccup shouted urgently. The dragon raced outside, extending his wings in the process. He crouched, leaping into the air. Toothless gasped as his invisible injuries exploded with soreness. If it wasn't his desire to continue on, he would have faltered and consequently, fallen.

Stormfly roared in triumph to his right as she scooped up a sheep, heading toward the goal at the centermost part of the village. Hookfang dove to intercept Stormfly which caused Snotlout to smirk.

Barf and Belch were steadily gliding to attack Hookfang from above as Meatlug veered cautiously away from the gathering of fighting dragons, waiting for a different-and safer-chance to ambush.

Toothless shot to his side, diving toward Stormfly. The Deadly Nadder growled, sending a blast of her deadly fire at Hookfang. He evaded her, saying, "Ha! You are slower then I could have imagined."

"Why you little..."

"Now!" Hiccup yelled, clicking his feet into place.
>Stormfly's outraged mood had caused her to loosen her pressure on the bleating sheep and allow Toothless to snatch it away. His talons sagged at the new burden he had to carry. His sight dimmed as he spotted the caskets nearby. Just a little longer and he'd have this deposited...<p>

He was so caught up with ridding himself of this nuisance that he didn't have the chance to avoid the green gas floating around him. "Bye!" one of the twins said cheerfully as Belch ignited the sparks used to create explosions.

Toothless buckled as Hiccup's movement caused his tail-fin to raise. The Night Fury rocketed down, barely missing the blast. His grip loosened as he allowed the sheep to drop in the basket. To his disappointment, he noticed Hookfang and Snotlout already having three sheep in theirs.

The crowd cheered as he rose into full view again. His acoustics rattled as they chanted his and Hiccup's name.

What was the big deal?

Throughout the game, Toothless failed to win any points. He couldn't take it any more! His wings felt like crumbling into dust and each push of his wings sent a tremor through his body. His perception continued to obscure and return, giving him a light ache in his head. He needed to lay down... He needed to rest.

"Is something wrong?" Hiccup questioned Toothless, sounding a bit irritated. The Night Fury ignored him, annoyed himself. He was

embarrassed of being the Alpha and yet loosing to... He shook himself. What had gotten into him? They were all equal!

_You can trick them... Force them to obey... Win it for your rider. _

>His eyes glittered with the concept. He could attempt it... Then he wouldn't have to fell so... So ashamed!<p>

No. That's wrong!

There's nothing that says that you cannot. Overcome your barriers. Do it.

Toothless twisted his look at Stormfly-the only dragon that had currently obtained a sheep. She hesitated in her flight, her eyes becoming slits of shock.

Drop it...

Obediently, the Deadly Nadder disengaged herself from the mammal.

"...Toothless?"

Once again, the Night Fury paid no heed to his rider as he dropped down, grasping the wooly fur of the animal. He was his own mind. He wouldn't let those lower than him win. He felt stronger... More eager. He slammed the sheep roughly into the net, hearing it whimper instead of bleat. Who cared about what prey felt. He was an Alpha!

He shifted his direction, neglecting Hiccup's commands.

The Night Fury accelerated higher into the sky, floating for a few moments. He had to find who else had a sheep.
>Hookfang carried an unblemished one, earning the attention of Meatlug and Fishlegs. However, the duo decided to stay away from the massive beast.<p>

"Toothless! What are you doing?"

He fixed his gaze on Meatlug, gaining her the same look Stormfly had had.

_Attack. _

Submissively, the Gronckle charged and Toothless did the same. Just as she came into contact with the Monstrous Nightmare, the Alpha clasped his talons around the furry creature. He tore it away from Hookfang's surprised clutches and darted-full-speed-toward their crate.

Nothing interfered as he discarded the animal in their goal.

The conk rang overhead, signaling the black sheep's appearance. Toothless darted away, his eyes glinting with amusement. He'd simply wait for one of his subjects to grab it, then a mere controlling would get them to hand it over.

What was wrong with him? He hissed, shaking his head, seeking to draw

himself out of this nefarious state.

A jerk from his tail provoked him to convulse. Hiccup was trying to get him to move!

Stormfly was flying below them, her wings sprawled upon and alive with action. The jet-black sheep was secured in her grasp.

Toothless took a breath and the noises around his surroundings faded.

_Give the sheep to me. _

He could see Stormfly shaking her head in confusion as the eerie voice crept into her mind. This caused Astrid to look up. Her eyes locked with Toothless. Both beings looked startled as they stared at one another.

"Toothless, now!" Hiccup repeated. The Night Fury cleared away his thoughts, catching the falling sheep the exact moment when Stormfly deposited of it. With that, he reached their net. He unhooked his talons around the body of the warm animal and it toppled into their goal.

"And Toothless and Hiccup win! What comeback!" the announcer shouted.

The crowd roared, leaping to their feet and clapping in excess.

"We did it Toothless!" Hiccup yelled in celebration. "I knew we could do it!" His rider guided him to the ground and they landed to be greeted by a massive crowd.

>They were cheering and shouting their names with glee, naive to what the Alpha had done. Even the other riders looked satisfied with Hiccup's victory. They were just as oblivious as the horde of villagers.<p>

"Great comeback, but next time, try not to loose purposely at the beginning and win at the end just to get all your fans cheering," Hookfang teased.

Toothless stared at the ground at his comment, fidgeting. He couldn't look at anyone in the eyes.

Astrid shoved her way through, glaring at the Night Fury with a mix of anger and horror. The dragon ducked his head lower, knowing that the female had witnessed it.

"Hiccup... A word," she said. "Away from here."

Toothless's rider leaped from his back and followed. Astrid's venomous expression was the only thing that kept the mass of Vikings from swarming the Chief. Astrid lead them toward a darker and much more quieter corner. It was well away from the others which made Toothless more wary. The dragon lagged behind, yet he remained at a distance where he could hear the both of them talk.

"Yes?" Hiccup inquired.

"I saw the look on his face!" Astrid started, yelling as she did so.

"He was controlling the Stormfly! And the gods know if he was controlling the others as well." She pointed an accusing finger to Toothless.

"Toothless would never!" Hiccup shot back in alarm. "Right bud?"

The Night Fury recoiled at the question. He had actually _enjoyed _controlling them. But how could he? How could he control his friends? What had made him do so? He shook his head, ashamed of lying to his rider.

"See? He didn't."

Astrid huffed, skeptical. "I am telling you, he did!"

Snotlout appeared from one of the alleyways, apparently overhearing their conversation. "Astrid, stop being a sore loser! Nobody was controlling anybody."

She crossed her arms in disgust, ignoring Snotlout's words. "No wonder Stormfly was acting strange last night! Your dragon was commanding her!"

"He was not!" Hiccup argued. "It was his total plan to get fried. Nice thinking."

"Oh really? Well... Well...-!"

Toothless whimpered. Why did his rider continue to defend him? Why couldn't he just believe Astrid?

_You had the chance, but you lied. _

"Chill, the both of you!" Snotlout interrupted. "Hookfang and I were winning the first minutes of the game. You don't see me saying Stormfly made him loose!"

Astrid laughed bitterly. "Stormfly isn't an Alpha. Toothless is, however."

"I doubt Toothless has experience of controlling dragons in the first place!" Snotlout insisted.

"Hiccup, careful with your dragon," Astrid stated coldly. "Weather you believe me or not, he's starting to take the role of Draco's Bewilderbeast."

Toothless couldn't take it anymore. He raced away, blotting out all noises of the argument behind him. Why couldn't Cloudjumper had been here? The dragon would have known what to do... How to make him feel a lot better. If only he knew where he was!

The Night Fury sank his talons deeper into the ground with each step he took. He had seen him, no, _been _him. He just had to find out where it was located. And how could Astrid accuse him of being just like the Bewilderbeast that had made him killed Stoick? Toothless flinched, feeling a wave of nausea roll over him as he recalled the gleeful sensation of taking control of the other dragons' minds.

Again, he repeated the question in his thoughts, What had made him do it?

Before he could search for a response, his frills shuddered. Someone was watching him. It was different to when the Sand Wraith had stalked him. This time it felt more... Eerie.

"Whose there?" he growled. His tail twitched in agitation as he awaited a reply. He received none. A chilled breeze pushed at his wings and he swiveled around to spot an outline a distance away.

"Who are you?"

Whatever it was, it remained still.

_Listen... Listen... Listen... _The wind whispered in his ear. _It__ is coming..._

He blanched as the wind frosted against his cheek. "What is coming?" he inquired to the unmoving figure.

_It is coming... _

Perplexed, he could just stare. The wind intensified its strength then... just like that, it faltered into cold wisps of vapor.

"What is coming?" he repeated.

This time, his question was acknowledged and once again the wind murmured inside his ear.

Soon... Soon... The end of dragons shall come.

The unknown being dispersed and so did the wind leaving the Night Fury alone. He shivered with shock as he processed the words.

Toothless stiffened, realizing what he had forgotten at the end of the dream with Fenris. Yet this entity he had seen... It had been more ominous.

Soon, soon, it had said.

Toothless leaned forward, repeating the next line in alarm, _"The end of the dragons shall come."_

15. Chapter 15

Hello my fellow readers! I have returned! My sincere apologizes for my lack of updating ^^ . As shown in previous chapters, school has been becoming quite time consuming! However, miraculously, I managed to create this chapter. Anyways, I hope you all enjoy! Remember, I love feedback, so, if you all may, leave a comment :3!

5/13/15 EDIT: The ending piece of the chapter, as I have stated I would, has been added and edited to. The premise has changed to one more... complicated. So be sure to read the portion I have applied :D!

* * *

><p>Toothless had become eerily still. There came a pall of oppressive silence, silence so thick and heavy that it hung in the air, making it barely impossible to draw breath. His clammy contact with the ground felt fabricated; barren of life. He merely shuddered once before falling victim to the unforgiving reticence around him.<p>

The end of the dragons? How? How could this be?

He longed for a gust of wind to jar him from such troubling thoughts, however, the gales had long since vanished. His ebony complexion scintillated in the relentless rays of the sun overhead.

The foreboding hush lingered in the atmosphere, filling his chest with dread. It was both an agitated and malevolent feeling, forcing his store of oxygen from his lungs.

Toothless perceived the omen to be true. He couldn't explain how he discerned truth from lie, he just had. It was a concept of the utmost misgiving.

How? The inquiry, again, echoed in his mind, feeding his growing perplexity and concern. Finally he stirred, jolting his head to clear his mind. Yet no matter how many times he repeated this movement, he could not rid himself of the dire warning. Instead, he shifted into a standing position, straightening to a posture resembling that of a king's.

He was the Alpha now; he will ensure his dragons' wellbeing. His vivid, immaculate gaze of emerald narrowed in determination.

Suddenly, the cursed, noiseless surrounding was shattered as several shouts rang out nearby.

It took a moment for the dragon to realized Hiccup was calling out his name.

Relieved, he trotted forward, just to be reminded what he had done. Shame washed over him, sinking in with fear and worry. It was a rather unpleasant mix, unsteadyding his gait into one of a peculiar amble.

Even with his keen vision, Hiccup spotted him first. His rider sprinted in his direction, his arms outstretched in welcoming.

"Toothless!"

The acerous reptile accelerated his pace, his optics eventually brightening somewhat. Even if he had committed something that sent waves of guilt quivering up his chest-not to mention that baleful admonition-Hiccup still was his best friend.

Skidding to a halt in a position that faced his rider, Toothless anticipated a scoffing, watching as Hiccup's grin dispersed from his lips. However, instead, the human merely stroked his frills as if

taking notice of his dragon's perturbed state.

"You just took off running," he said tentatively. "You seem restless. What happened?"

Toothless yearned to recount what had occurred prior to his arrival, yet was reminded humans couldn't comprehend dragon speech.

He simply hummed as if nothing was amiss; that his unsettled expression was simply a play of the aestival light overhead.

Hiccup frowned dubiously, casting Toothless an odd glance. The dragon disregarded the human's mien, and, as an alternative, pushed his head up against his touch. Hiccup exhaled sharply, removing his contact from the Night Fury's charcoal scales. The skeptical visage loitered as the human peered at the frilled dragon.

"Come on," Hiccup eventually said, establishing the conclusion that the dragon refused to convey his mood. "The final race is scheduled to begin twenty minutes for now." Without further inquiry of his behavior, Hiccup whirled around, beginning his return to the village.

Toothless pursued his rider apprehensively, wondering what had become of his contented demeanor.

He had looked so ecstatic when he appeared... The dragon thought, perplexed. Now he looks as if a Deadly Nadder lodged one of its spines down his throat.

The scene on which the strange entity had adumbrated the dragons' end persisted replaying in his mind, distracting him from Hiccup. However, somehow he was managed to remain aware of the human ahead of him.

His chest contorted with befuddled emotions. Something welled up in his throat and, with a sudden explosion, the grass in front of him erupted into ash. Toothless stepped delicately on the adust hole, spotting Hiccup give a slight jump of surprise.

His adventitious assault had been a mere show of his frustrations. He doubted Hiccup thought that, however.

Toothless's qualm was proven correct when his rider spun around, apparently spooked. "What was that for?" he demanded.

The Night Fury ducked his head, feeling the presence of embarrassment hovering overhead.

Hiccup regarded Toothless, his eyes finally softening.

"Sorry for snapping at you," he sighed ruefully. "I just don't understand Astrid sometimes."

Perking his ears warily, Toothless locked his gaze with Hiccup's. The dragon had forgotten that he had fled in the heat of their dispute. Had something terrible occurred between them? An image of Night Lyric flashed in his mind.

"She just kept going on about how she thinks you were controlling the

other dragons." He frowned. "You didn't, right?"

At first, the Night Fury was tempted to nod his head; to confess what he had done. For some reason, however, he shook his head in denial- despite his gnawing guilt and desire to make things right.

Hiccup smiled once more and he patted Toothless affectionately on the head.

"We better hurry! C'mon bud!"

Toothless's optics flickered denim as he padded after his rider. It merely lasted a moment before dispersing into the already foreboding skies above.

* * *

><p>The mundane sounds of mooing kine rang in Toothless's ear as they entered the village. A few denizens exchanged glances of glee, as if relieved Hiccup had found his dragon.<p>

He lowered his head, discomfited by the idea of making eye contact with familiar faces. It was nearly as if guilt had been written upon his forehead.

You had the chance to tell him... What went wrong?

He cringed.

Augh! Stop being so miserable! It was a simple mistake that I will try to never do again... I have to be more focused on deciphering the message that was sent to me. But what is there to decipher?

However, there was one thing that the entity had obfuscated the meaning of. What had it implied by 'soon'? Tomorrow? Next week? A season from now?

Agitated by his lack of knowledge, he plowed past Hiccup.

Your acting up again, Toothless! Calm yourself!

The Night Fury shook himself, glancing at his rider with a forced smile.

Hiccup frowned before grinning in reply. It was equally contrived.

He's confused, Toothless realized in dismay. He slackened his pace, sliding beside his friend. Pondering what to tell Hiccup, the dragon didn't notice a shadow descending upon them.

"Hiccup! Toothless!"

Both of them looked skyward as Geir and Knut swooped past. The Timberjack alighted on the ground, staggering to find balance. Eventually managing, Knut lowered himself to allow his rider to dismount. The young boy, however, remained on his dragon.

"Geir what are you-"

"We were sent to find you," he explained. "You were in closer proximity than we thought! They are stalling... But that new guy is getting really agitated."

Mace. The very word sent tremors of disgust rippling throughout the Alpha's chest.

"I see. Let us hurry then." With that statement, Hiccup clambered onto Toothless. Immediately sensing the new weight, his wings extended.

Knut matched his movement, springing into the air first. The Night Fury followed after him. He was nimbler to escalate, the soothing wind causing great delectation to the airborne dragon.

His wings smoothly oscillated against the updrafts and, for a moment, he felt free.

For a moment.

Toothless's recent concerns came crashing upon him, engulfing the black dragon in their cruel grip.

He took an intake of breath recovering his equilibrium before he could plummet to the earth.

Hiccup seemed oblivious to the disturbance and continued chatting with Geir.

Knut, though, glanced incredulously at him.

"You aren't seeming your self," he observed, going no further in his sentence.

"I'm just tired," Toothless assured. He hoped his jargon hadn't been unsteadied by his lie.

"Hmm... Anyways, good luck!" Knut's tone held a tinge of uncertainty, yet it was swept away by the sudden hurrahs below.

Toothless did not respond. Instead, he focused on descending to the ground. He was joined by other dragons and riders unfamiliar to him—probably the winners from their categories. He paid them little heed for there was only one duo that caught his eye: Vanquisher and Mace.

His optics narrowed, displaying his distrust. What are they up to this time?

"Here we are, at the final round of this year's dragon competition!" said the announcer overhead. "We have Hiccup and Toothless! Geir and Knut..."

The obstreperous crowd erupted into shouts of excitement as the finalists names resounded throughout amphitheater.

Toothless couldn't help but glance at the Timberjack and his rider.

Hardihood radiated off Knut's scales as he stared defiantly around

the stadium. Geir-a bit more retained-was busy calling his gratitude as bystanders cheered his name.

"Riders, to your places!"

Toothless tore his gaze away and directed his stride toward the enclosure from before.

Oppressive air greeted him as he entered. The doors shut, disabling any source of light from penetrated the interior.

His haematic colored kohl became balmy and adhesive in the humid air, causing him to fidget uncomfortably in the petite space. He wished to have at least a hypaethral enclosure, where he could feel the warm, watchful gaze of the sky.

Apprehension clouded his already stressed thoughts as he stared blankly ahead.

Don't control them again... Don't control them again... He continued repeating the order in his head.

It was one of the several thoughts that crowded his mind before the race.

With a sudden grinding noise and a blast of air, the entrance in front of him was opened.

Toothless ascended into the air without warning, wind whistling past his frills.

"Ready Tooth?"

The Night Fury grunted in response. He veered to his right, overlooking the entire stadium. The crowd cheered and mingled about below. Excitement and awe radiated from the stands. However, staring at the delighted villagers was not the reason he had chosen to hover.

Wait for it...

"There!" Hiccup pointed to a lone sheep whose flank had been painted a parakeet shade of green.

Strangely, the other riders were nowhere to be found as his talons grasped the feeble creature. It bleated its chagrin the same moment Toothless noticed something amiss. The paint on its wool was not one of the race! In a matter of fact, it didn't even appear to have the patterns it should have.

He roared in both frustration and outrage. They'd been hoodwinked!

Toothless discarded the hoggaster upon the ground, disregarding Hiccup's perplexity. He lifted into the air.

Maybe it was something about the position his rider or the way light bounced off the sheep. Either way, Hiccup finally came into realization of the problem.

"Nice eye, bud. We have to be cautious of what we pick up." His tone sounded troubled.

The dragon focused his attention toward the announcer, picking up pieces of what he was saying.

"No sign of Mace and Vanquisher... So far, Geir has three points... Winning..."

He could only suppose that Knut and his rider had the most points. That, however, was not what had him startled.

Where were Vanquisher and Mace?

"Toothless, a sheep!"

The Night Fury collected his wings against his side, decreasing altitude at a brisk rate. This time, he cautiously discerned the target-like coloring at its flank. He extended his talons in order to snatch the animal effortlessly from the ground. Before he could do so, however, a flash of green signaled another dragon's presence.

Raincutter!

In his surprise, Toothless eased his speed slightly, making it enough for the thing to seize the sheep first. Its peculiar beady eyes glanced at him before it launched itself higher into the air on command of its rider. The Night Fury spread his wings to prevent himself and Hiccup from crashing.

Something started in his chest, overriding the order he had repeated so many times...

"Are you going to control them like you did last?" The sudden whisper in his ear caused him to flinch. "Wouldn't that be a show."

"We gotta catch up to that Raincutter," Hiccup shouted, his rather vociferous voice becoming audible in the wind.

Toothless paid somewhat little heed as he scanned the air for whoever had spoken. The distraction had soothed the sensation in his chest yet it remained like embers from a fire.

And, to be honest, that voice seemed exceedingly familiar.

"That poor, poor Night Fury... Everyday she says you'll save her... Tsk, tsk, what pity."

Adrenaline surged within and, with a mighty roar, he charged toward where he pinpointed the being to be.

He clawed at the air, soon coming into realization that nothing was there. Empty taloned and confused, he only became aware of the ground when Hiccup shouted out. He snapped open his ailerons a moment too late. Grit, grass and whatnot filled his maw as his form skidded on the earth.

Toothless groaned inwardly, dazed. One of the several things he had been trying to avoid had occurred.

Yet the first thought was not of his wellbeing, but of Hiccup's. Was he alright?

Whilst struggling to get to his talons, the Night Fury realized there was no extra weight upon his saddle.

With renewed strength, he managed to drag himself to his paws.

"Hiccup?" he called, panic distorting his field of vision. An image of a colossal dragon's opened maw flashed in his mind.

Receiving no reply, Toothless scanned the uprooted grass for any signs of his rider. Where was he? Overwhelming angst swept through him.

Once more he shouted. "Hiccup!"

"Toothless!"

The voice that resounded above him caused him to raise his chin toward its direction. His rider was currently balancing on the slope of a roof, the flaps of his suit extended.

Relief flooded Toothless. He's alright!

He scrabbled forward, lunging for the rim of the surface, yet failed in his attempt.

"Don't worry," Hiccup stated. "I'll get down myself." The human jumped down, spreading his arms to allow the wind to rush against his wing-like structures. He glided for a moment before tucking himself into a ball and, as a result, rolled, unhurt, onto the ground.

Toothless bounded over, nudging him apologetically against the chest. "I am so sorry," he murmured.

As if noticing his anguish, Hiccup gently rested his right hand on his snout. "No worries, bud," he laughed. "It was only a mere accident. Did you see a sheep or something?"

At the inquiry, the Night Fury's frills drooped immediately against his skull. How was he to explain? And who had been whispering into his ear? Had he simply imagined it? Was Night Lyric awaiting him?

He casted the thoughts to the furthest place in his mind-where the omen lay-to think of later. Then, he proceeded to glance at Hiccup before nodding his head into what seemed to be a 'yes.'

"Hmm... I wonder where it went... Well, let us get moving. At this rate, we're going to loose with zero!"

Toothless lowered himself and, almost immediately, felt Hiccup clamber on. His wings snapped open the moment he heard the familiar click that signaled the urge to fly.

He lifted into the air. With each pounding downward movement of his voluminous wings they were able to escalate at a great velocity,

unlike any speed a dragon could match.

"...And it seems that Toothless and Hiccup are back in the game..."
At this, the throng below roared in approval.

"Okay bud, ready?"

An assuring growl was his response as he tensed his shoulders.
"Ready."

They had, once again, reached an altitude to examine the lands below. So far, the Night Fury had spotted several of the tributes, but, to his misgivings, he could not distinguish any type of Rumblehorn nor burly human from the crowd.

Hiccup, apparently, considered little of this as he pointed toward a white speck.

"Sheep!"

The dragon folded his wings anew, and, with the wind whistling agitatedly against his ears, he went into a steep dive.

This time, upon seeing an approaching dragon-a green Monstrous Nightmare to be specific-the Night Fury didn't bother on hesitating.

The opposing dragon intently trained his gaze upon the ewe, his talons preparing to snatch the sheep. Just then, another figure flew past. It was Geir and Knut!

Both looked to be bustling with excitement as they went for the catch.

Toothless roared, passing both reptilians in a matter of moments. His digits, sinking into the tangled ket of the sheep, automatically remained firm. He wasn't about to loose this one!

Geir charged Hiccup and his dragon whilst the Monstrous Nightmare and his own rider mimicked his attack.

The Night Fury avoided the assaults both riders attempted to inflict, veering away and toward his goal.

His ears rotated warily as he listened to any signs of pursuit. Instead, a conk resounding throughout the midst of the race.

The black sheep!

His seekers, he could tell, had stopped their chase of him and were now splitting.

"C'mon, bud! We can win this if we catch that sheep!"

Toothless's form abruptly blurred as he put on a burst of speed. There was no way he was going to loose today!

Their goal came to sight and, slowly, his grip loosened on his catch. Ultimately, he disposed of the sheep in the empty net. At his speed, he couldn't quite see what the others had scored so far.

With a clink, he felt his tailfin swerve to the right causing him to move in the particular direction. It was then saw the same Raincutter as before! In his talons he carried the ebony hued sheep. His splayed teeth betray his triumph.

Hiccup gently tapped his palm on Toothless's shoulder. The Night Fury gave a firm incline of his head.

"Hey Raincutter!" He roared, ramming into his side. "I think you have something belonging to us."

His rider shouted an order too inaudible for the Night Fury to notice as he yanked the sheep from its grasp.

The dragon lashed out his tail, catching Toothless against his paw-directly on the place he had been injured. He screeched, pain exploding in the specific region.

"Bud!" Hiccup gasped.

"Sorry Alpha," the dragon snickered as if drawing joy from his pain. "Teachesss you not to-"

He broke off from his sentence as if realizing something.

Toothless's eyes narrowed as he charged a plasma blast. Was it just him... Or did this Raincutter just emphasize on the 's'? And now that he thought of it... His voice sounded suspiciously-

"Cease fire! Coming through!"

As if materializing between them, Knut crashed through, ripping the sheep from both their grips.

"Oi!"

Toothless watched as the Raincutter darted after them. His lips curled into a snarl.

Oh no you don't!

His claws fastened around the dragon's tail, yanking him backwards.

"Where do you think your going?" he demanded, beginning to sense the desire of controlling him.

Toothless, no, he reminded himself. He was jerked at the Raincutter's struggling movements and, eventually, was forced to let go.

However, it was already too late.

"And Geir and Knut wins!"

The crowd screamed in disbelief and awe. Then, in a chorus, they commenced chanting the duo's name.

"To the stage," Hiccup murmured into Toothless's ear. Smoothly, the

dragon followed as commanded, alighting on the wooden dais.

Everyone hushed as the Chief dismounted, waving his arms. "I know today was an exciting day for all you folk-"

"Why did you and Toothless crash on the ground?" Someone shouted from within the crowd.

"Yeah! You both looked incapable of flying at all."

"Is something amiss with you and-"

Toothless blasted the air with a Plasma Blast, flecks of aquamarine filling the platform. Everyone silenced once again.

"Thanks bud. Anyways, as I was saying... Everyone tried their best on winning and, I'm proud to state that the win goes to... Knut and Geir!"

The mass clapped as the named pair perched uncertainty on the apron. The other riders that had been involved in the race mingled disappointedly below. There was still no sign of Mace and Vanquisher...

"Their reward will be given to them at midnight... As of now, and in proper tradition, you may allow your dragons to roam free. And, for us, let us enjoy the feast!" He raised a balled fist, earning him countless cheers.

The crowd, then, began dispersing, mainly circling Geir and Knut. Toothless stiffened, sensing something watching him.

Yet when he glanced about, nothing peculiar caught his eye. If he had won, all those villagers would have been chatting-awed at his greatness-with him. Had Stormfly known he would loose? Was that why she had asked him to go at night?

He shook his head. Nonsense! He was merely paranoid. Who else wouldn't be with dragons stalking them, trying to kill them, framing them, and, above all, stealing others and torturing them?

No. He doubted Stormfly would be any of those things. However, it still didn't help his raising feeling of misgiving...

* * *

><p>Being dragon of the Chief, he was to remain by his side until the festivities began. His tail twitched agitatedly and he proceeded to glance about every few moments. He, of course, had already realized he'd be watched. More so by curious gazes than those of malice.<p>

However, it was the unsettling feeling he sensed that set him on guard. Almost as if there was a hidden foe lurking in the crowd, simply awaiting the right moment to strike.

He shrugged it off, somewhat irritated with himself for being so tense lately. Could he not be suspicious every two seconds of the day? Or was this an Alpha thing?

With an annoyed sigh, he tore away from Hiccup's side, marching over to Knut, whom of which was busy devouring the leg of an elk.

"Isn't it just great, Alpha?" The dragon mumbled once spotting the Alpha. He brushed droplets of blood off of his maw, pulling back from his half eaten meal.

"The food, the race or this?"

"All of it!" Knut extended his colossal wings with a surge of pride, accidentally knocking a table to its side. The Timberjack immediately collected them against his flanks, ducking his head in embarrassment.

Toothless paid no heed to the occurrence. Instead, he tilted his head.

"When you were in the air, did you happen to see anything... Suspicious?"

Knut hesitated, his visage turning thoughtful. "Suspicious? Hmm..." He blinked, as if attempting to recall a memory. He eventually shook his head. "No, nothing. Why do you ask?"

"No reason," Toothless said. "Just curious." With that, the ebony colored dragon veered toward his right, heading toward the entrance.

"Wait!"

He stopped, paw lifted as he prepared to step down. The urge to look back and make eye contact with the speaking dragon was overwhelming. However, for some reason, the Night Fury couldn't bring himself to do so. It was as if he was frozen in time, simply listening to a voice behind him.

"Careful Toothless. There are some dragons you can trust more than others. Don't let your guard down."

A sigh escaped him as he became mobile. His paw touched the ground, resuming its regular motion.

He blinked, jerking his head sharply in the direction of the Timberjack. The adolescent dragon had walked away and had joined his rider.

The Alpha didn't know whether to be surprised or bewildered. The meaning had been clear, but why had he randomly uttered the sentence?

* * *

><p>It was nightfall. Stars, with their glittering radiance, shot across the sky in a lovely arc. The atmosphere was cool and collected. A sweet fragrance wreathed in the air, promising rain or hail. Both would be an unwelcome, however, due to the rather hot climate today, Toothless wouldn't mind getting a bit soaked.<p>

The dragon had left early, much to his rider's dismay, which, as a result, had prompted him to stay until his expected time. Yet

Toothless had no desire to remain and listen to discussions of human matters. After all, there were no other dragons in the building, the exception being both he and Knut.

At steady gait, shoulders straightened, and the position of a ruler, the Night Fury prowled the land. He had targeted the site on which he had promised he'd meet Stormfly. His talons flexed in an anticipating gesture as he considered the circumstance.

She's just a friend, Toothless, he thought, commencing to twitch his tail out of pure agitation, something that was now becoming a habit to him. Nothing bad will happen. Stop being so nervous!

The Alpha stepped delicately upon the neatly grown grass, his optics casting a faint radiance in the gloom.

His surroundings were muted, save for the occasional chirp of a cricket. Any sudden movement would cause him to switch appearance into one of aggression. The night had left him wary and that was for certain.

Toothless fixed his gaze on a bramble, the thorns igniting a memory. It was of a rather recent conversation, one that had occurred prior to the feast.

Hiccup had been too involved in congratulating Geir that he had hardly, or had not cared, of a dragon that had dropped down beside the Alpha.

"Well, well, well, hello Toothless."

Toothless had jumped in retaliation, whirling around to face a Deadly Nadder- Stormfly. Her gaze had seemed sunken and dull as if she had not been sleeping correctly. Apart from that, however, something about her had appeared... Off.

"The day is beautiful, no?" He had inquired, cocking his head. The surprise he had sensed faded to be replaced by a jumble of emotions.

She had simply laughed, her tail lifting into a striking position. Toothless had stiffened, arching his spine.

"What?" Stormfly had chided, giggling in an odd manner. "Do you not like my tail?"

He had not responded.

"And to answer your question, yes, the day looks fairly pretty. Its very hot, though." She had yawned, baring her teeth as she did so. Then, her tongue had swiped across her maw.

"What happened today? You seemed to be uncomfortable when that dragon bit you... Do you have any wounds?"

Uneasy at the strangeness of the question, he had merely shook his head. "Of course not."

"Are you positive?"

"Yes."

The tip of her tail had twitched as if annoyed by his incorporation, but it had been quick to vanish. "Ah, I see."

Drawing back to the present, Toothless blinked. Now that he recalled their talk, he noticed Stormfly had said no word of their nightly meeting.

He brushed off the thought. What was there to speak of?

As he drew closer to the spot they had agreed on, he came to realize the air seemed to be getting thicker. He could no longer hear anything nearby. This time, the clearing seemed truly quiet. Nothing stirred, nothing breathed. It was as if the world was holding its breath.

But for what?

The entire scenario reminded him of what had happened a few hours ago. Was time repeating itself? He slowed, coming to a halt. Differing to that of the strange advent of the unknown creature which had conjured wind, the clearing was engulfed in fog.

He paused, glancing the way he had come. The opaque alabaster vapor had clouded his exit. Toothless surged forward in an attempt to encounter a point free from fog. However, it seemed fruitless. Everything appeared identical.

The Night Fury snapped open his wings, beating them against the condensation. After a few tries, he ceased. The fog had no motive upon moving on its own nor by force. He couldn't fly to escape- he needed Hiccup for that.

Somehow, he had become lost.

A whispering echo resounded in his ears. His frills quivered at the eerie frequency. He veered about in the direction, spotting a floating, blue light. Transfixed by its luminous glow, he took a step forward as if by instinct.

He reached out his paw at the fiery sphere. At contact, it dispersed into scintillations, creating the same, strange vocals as when it first appeared. When it vanished, Toothless became aware of a sticky substance beneath his paws. He tugged it out, realizing it to be bog water.

For a moment he stilled. The odd thing had left him baffled. He had sensed no fear or wariness, simply curiosity.

What had it been?

He perked his frills. Though his vision was poor due to the fog, he did his best to focus his gaze on particular points, searching for the strange creature as before.

As if on cue, another blue figure appeared, illuminating the clearing. Several more of the tiny, oval-like spheres lighted a trail, each whispering in an unknown language. The sound seemed distinctively familiar.

He darted forth, only to be stalled as a thick, chunky liquid drenched his chest and belly. His paws struggled to find footing which only made things worse. Head-first, Toothless was dragged beneath the surface.

A sour taste flooded his maw as water rushed inside. Gagging, he could only swallow more and more of the putrid substance until ultimately, he began to choke. He snorted, bubbles erupting in a helter-skelter.

Such turmoil and confusion!

He thrashed, clawing desperately at the water. Just then, one of his talons caught on something. Toothless quickly hooked the rest of his digits into the object, reaching out with his left. He could tell he was drowning- just moments away from losing consciousness. He had to hurry.

Toothless pulled at his weight, hauling it toward the surface. Finally, his head popped out from the water. He spluttered, vomiting large amounts of water.

Air had never seemed so good as he relished in breathing. He pushed his way out of the bog, collapsing on the ground, drained by the experience.

All he could think of was that of water. For now, his fire power would prove useless. It could not function right due to the fact he was soaked.

A murmur alerted him of a presence. He managed to lift his head in order to spot another path of the blue beings. This time, instead of being intrigued, he was wary. Did these things purposely lead him to his avoided demise?

He staggered to his paws, shaking off droplets of water. Whatever they were, they seemed persistent on making him follow.

Toothless glanced about, viewing the area on which he was now located in. Nothing looked mundane. In fact, he didn't even recall reaching this strange place on his own. Perhaps he had arrived accidentally when he had been drowning?

Whatever the reason, he didn't have a choice. Following the blue lights seemed like the best option.

He padded forward and, like before, each time he touched or came too near, the embers would burst into sparks, emitting a soft whisper.

Finally, only two remained. Like their kin, they both diffused in a show of light.

He blinked. In front of him was a yawning chasm. His frills vibrated, as if set off by an invisible force.

The Alpha strolled inside, knowing that if he was attacked he'd be defenseless without fire. Tooth and claw could count as weapons, but a dragon's combustion was its only true protector.

Attentively, he examined the walls. He noted claw marks, suspiciously as if there had been countless struggles. He recalled the time where he had seen the past simply by making contact with the trace of a dragon. Cloudjumper.

He winced, once more aspiring that the gentle Stormcutter was alive.

Toothless then reached out, preparing to touch his talons against the indentions. Before he could do so, however, a flash of movement caught his eye.

Something took an intake of breath before cutting itself off. The Alpha jerked back his paws, narrowing his eyes toward the source of the disturbance.

"T-Toothless?" The voice... It sounded oddly familiar. Almost like... He froze before bounding in the direction of the uncertain call.

He couldn't hold a surge of excitement and relief. "Night Lyric?"

Another shuffle followed by the rattling of chains was his only response.

"Night Lyric, its me, Toothless," he went on quietly. "Where are you?"

Suddenly, a paw cuffed his cheek. The only reason he did not flinch was because he could sense that whoever had touched his scales did not mean harm.

Hyacinthine hued optics became apparent through the gloom. The blue pair seemed to express a savageness he could not comprehend. However, it was quickly quenched, replaced by something of joy and softness.

"You came." Night Lyric's voice sounded croaky, as if she had not spoken in a long period of time. "Oh Toothless, you came."

He raked his mind for words. Words that he could use in order to comfort her. Despite the tenderness in her tone, there was a layer of anguish and despair. The fresh tang of blood bathed on his tongue as she drew closer.

"You're hurt," he chided softly.

Abruptly, the Night Fury recoiled. "No, no, no! Why did you come here? Get out before they see you!"

The sudden despair in her voice sent a shiver down his spine. "Who are you-" Before he could complete his sentence, another cut in.

"Having fun, are we?"

Toothless squinted, extending his wings to shield Night Lyric, in case whoever had spoken was an approaching danger.

However, when the creature stepped from the shadows, it was revealed to be none other than Stormfly!

Reassured by the fact it was his friend, his wings drooped to his sides. "Stormfly, help me-" he broke off once more

He had expected a helpful expression when he turned to face Stormfly. Instead, it was one of pure malice.

"It's a pity, Night Lyric, it really is. Did you seriously think you could keep him safe?"

The female Night Fury opened her maw, ready to respond, yet closed it at the same moment. She ducked her head, avoiding eye contact with Toothless.

The Alpha, however, paid no heed to this and, instead, stepped in front of Night Lyric in a show of protection.

"Stop talking gibberish! Stormfly, we got to get her away from here!"

"Are you really that of a fool, great and powerful 'Alpha?' You don't even deserve the title. Your idiotic friendsss shall die with you."

That emphasis again... Wait a minute... Could it be...?

"You're-"

"Vanquisher, correct," the Deadly Nadder smirked. With that, the dragon began to transform. The sickening noise of shifting bones and tearing flesh mockingly greeted Toothless's ears. Though it was still dark, the Night Fury could, unfortunately, see the mess that unraveled before him.

Muscles and tissues were visible, glittering gruesomely in the shadows. It all began to switch positions with something of a sucking noise. Bones once more shrieked in the darkness, causing the shocked onlooker to flinch.

What in Odin's name was this?

Finally, the familiar frame of a Rumblehorn came into view. "Surprised?" he inquired, maliciously smiling. He seemed to be enjoying Toothless's aghast visage. "Sadly, I cannot remain on this topic." His expression hardened and he nodded toward Night Lyric. "Take him."

Toothless backed away, attempting to add a piece to the puzzle. What was he talking about? The Night Fury glanced at Night Lyric for an explanation yet was met with a plaintive gaze.

"Toothless..." she murmured. "I am so sorry."

Before he could move, there came a humming noise at Night Lyric's throat. Then, with a blast similar to lightning, something collided against his skull. His vision dimmed. He staggered, dropping to the ground.

The last thing he recalled was a looming figure of another dragon before he was ultimately plunged into darkness...

End
file.